The Bystander. No. 22. Vol. II. WEDNESDAY. MAY 4. 1904

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 22.—Vol. II. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 4, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady Helen Frances Grosvenor

The Youthful Aunt of the Duke of Westminster

No. 22.—Vol. II.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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THE WAR

DAY BY DAY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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DAILY GRAPHIC OFFICE,

Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

May 4, 1904

Not much has been said on the subject as yet, but the result of the naval bouts between Japan and Russia must be causing some flutterings in the hearts of Mr. Arnold White and naval experts generally. In common with other European Powers, we have spent millions on battleships and heavy armoured cruisers which have shown themselves to be merely costly encumbrances, the targets of every torpedo destroyer, submarine, and mine, that the cunning ingenuity of man has devised.

The naval warfare of the future will be waged rather by invisible assailants, and not by a liberal display of powder and shot from the decks of a huge monitor that can, in turn, be made the target of the enemy's guns. The Japanese have, so far, won all their engagements by relying solely on their torpedo craft, against which the splendid battleships of the Tsar have proved quite impotent. Submarines and torpedo-destroyers are to be the battleships of the future, and the Admiralty are recognising this. As far as seamanship and brains go, the Japanese recognise that they owe their naval training entirely to British naval men, and the war has but increased the confidence and respect with which we regard our senior service.

When discussion arises in Parliament every year upon the Budget, irresponsible members make many ludicrous, if sincere, suggestions. But the most cruel proposal of modern times was brought forward the other day by Major Jameson.

This gentleman, a Nationalist member, who represents, I believe, the elect of West Clare, favoured the taxation of bachelors out of existence. Exactly what the hon. gentleman's intentions were in this respect it is a little difficult to fathom. By taxing bachelors out of existence, his idea, I suppose, is to make their lives so unbearable, to let the iron graft so deep into their souls for their heinous conduct, that they would rush helter-skelter to the first unmarried lady on their list of acquaintances, and, falling upon their knees, sue humbly for her hand.

That, probably, is the hon. and gallant member's theory, and a very pleasant one, too, I do not doubt—from his point of view. On the other hand, I can see in my mind's eye a hurried exodus of bachelors. The West End clubs, stripped of their gayest and most ornamental members, presenting a deserted appearance. There would be no balls during the season, for, after all, it would be a trifle tedious to introduce the year's *débutantes* for the delectation of a crowd of Benedicks. The lovely dreams of beauty which to-day ravish the male mind would have no unattached men to fetch and carry for them, to hang on their every word, to worship at their feet. No; they would have to fall back upon the *blasé* married man, and though the feminine mind delights—especially if she be American—in scorning the mere man, she would vastly prefer his company to his room.

I have tried to present one phase of a picture of the consequences of trying to tax the bachelor out of existence. He would resent it strongly, and I am sure the girl of the period would object equally. One unmarried man, be he ever so plain, is worth a dozen Apollos with wives. He may not want to marry you, and, indeed, you may not dream of thinking seriously of him even were he to harbour any such designs, but there is always an outside chance, a possibility, let us call it, of natural affinity in the unison of souls. A good phrase, this.

But, as one of the body politic who has not, as yet, found the lady willing to condescend to give me her hand, I feel called upon to make a protest. We bachelors resent the veiled suggestion of the hon. and gallant member for West Clare, that the bachelor is not a good citizen because he prefers his freedom and his club to a wife. We find we receive the usual request for income tax and similar other demands of an unpleasant nature, which is quite enough in the way of taxation, thank you. Indirectly, the batchelor probably contributes a great deal more to the State than he would do were he enjoying wedded bliss, for he can smoke when he likes and otherwise preserve his liberty in spending his pocket money. No, Major Jameson, this is not a game that will do. The bachelor is an institution whose disappearance would shake the State to its very foundations; and I confidently await a monster protest from the women of England, who realise that if every bachelor above the age of twenty-one were compelled to marry (or disappear) about two million ladies would, by reason of their numerical superiority, lose the season of perennial hope which now dominates—no matter their age or situation—their charming spinster breasts. For they never know that they may not be numbered among the two million.

The Bystander in Parliament

PATHETIC REFLECTIONS ON UNCOMPLETED SPEECHES

If a man wants to attract universal attention by a speech in the House he should break down when delivering it, and he will find that failure is far more effective than success. This happened in the case of Mr. Winston Churchill a few days ago, when scores of papers which ignored all he had said in a fairly long speech gave a full explanation of the fact that he was unable to remember some sentence which he wished to add at the end. The unfinished remark, the unspoken words, were more debated and discussed than all his other observations put together.

What superb oratory the world has lost owing to men not being able when on their feet to say all that they wished to say when they rose, or all that they could have said after they had gone to bed the same night. Hansard contains a more or less faithful record of the spoken word, but the precious afterthoughts of the orator—gems of purest ray serene—are lost to mankind, and are known only to the domestic circle. There are men who have lived and died without any reputation for oratory, who have just managed the conventional "hum" and "haw" of the after-dinner chairman, but who, when alone, when shaving in the morning, or pacing the back-garden at night, have risen to oratorical heights reached only by such men as Demosthenes, Edmund Burke, or Mr. James Leslie Wanklyn.

Such men have no chance in our Parliamentary system. Here it is essential that a speaker shall speak. In the American Congress, however, a member is allowed to hand a speech to the Press, and it is in that way held to have been delivered. It may be adorned with such touches of realism as "cheers," "laughter," and so forth, and in this way both constituents and fellow-members are pleased. The constituents are proud of the man who has, as they think, screamed like the American Eagle in their Parliament; his fellow-members are delighted to know that he did nothing of the sort. The process is reversed in this country, for whereas in America many speeches are published which have not been delivered, here many speeches are delivered which are not reported.

I have often wondered what a man who is closured in the middle of a sentence was just about to say. It may be that the poor fellow was just leading up to one of his good things—to his best thing, to some carefully ventured impromptu that had been his companion in the night watches for more than a week. No wonder that the closured gentleman glares around, no wonder that his lips are seen to move, though not in prayer. I really think that in such circumstances the unhappy wretch should be allowed to submit his truncated joke to the House in its complete form, as a definite matter of urgent public importance.

Then there are the men who never get a chance at all—what an enormous stock of undelivered oratory there must be always accumulating at Westminster! Some thoughtless people laugh at the song, "The Speaker's Eye," which tells how Mr. Peter Jones had tried, and tried in vain, for thirty years, to gain a hearing. That song has a tragic note for me. I have seen the despairing face of many an hon. gentleman who has made a desperate attempt to get an innings, and has failed:

> He sinks into his seat with bubbling groan,
> Without a speech, unheard, unprinted, and unknown.

Only a man with a heart as hard as the nether millstone could laugh at such a sight.

The other day I saw that some kind-hearted people had resolved to open an exhibition of the paintings that had failed to gain admission to the Royal Academy. Why should not something of the sort be done for members of Parliament who fail to catch the Speaker's eye? They should be allowed to meet in some Committee Room and give tongue. There can be no doubt that many of the undelivered speeches are of far greater merit than those uttered in the House. How maddening it must be for a man to hear some fellow maundering along, babbling commonplace rubbish when he himself is primed with really good things—something that would set the House in a roar, or thoughts that breathe and words that burn, not to mention perorations that would make the sympathetic hearers prance.

The unsuccessful have always gained my sympathetic regard, and that is why I was favourably impressed by the notion alluded to above of a show for paintings rejected by the Royal Academicians. My suggestion as to giving the men who are not called upon by the Speaker another chance, might be carried a little further. When a General Election sends 670 gentlemen to Westminster, there are generally about 600 unsuccessful candidates—gentlemen described by unfeeling wags as "the returned empties." Why not let these rejected ones form a House of their own and talk away to their hearts' content? It would be an absolutely ideal two-chamber legislature.

For such a scheme would please the unsuccessful, and it could not hurt anyone. It may be urged that they could not do anything of a practical nature, but that may be said of most of the gentlemen at Westminster. I am sure that this House of "Supplementary Estimates," as it might be called, would contain some gentlemen who could outshine those who had proved more successful at the ballot. For just as one naturally takes a keen interest in the sentence which Mr. Winston Churchill did not complete, so I feel that there are better speeches in members than ever come out of them, and better men out of Parliament than ever get into it.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

MEREDITH OF MACHESTER TO BROWN OF BOLTON
"HOW IS IT YOU'RE IN THE SECOND LEAGUE?"

A BROOKLYN BOY ON BEING ASKED IF HE KNEW WHAT AN OATH WAS, ANSWERED, "I SUPPOSE IT IS SOMETHING LIKE WHAT YOU GIVE HORSES"

SOME HORSES CERTAINLY SEEM TO GET LITTLE ELSE — EXCEPT BLOWS.

GOD SAVE — THE KING!"

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN HAS DECIDED THAT ALL GAGS MUST BE SUBMITTED TO HIM BEFORE PRODUCTION IN A THEATRE

TWO FAMOUS ARTHURS.

"ROUND THE TOWN — UPAND DOWN — BOTH OF US ARE GAGGERS OF RENOWN
BUT WE CAN'T SUBMIT THE LOT FOR WE MAKE 'EM ON THE SPOT
SO WE'VE HAD TO TAKE TO BUSKING — ROUND THE TOWN"

"O! LOOK! HERE'S A LOVELY PRESENT FOR BABY!"

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

[THE VICAR OF MARLOW DEPLORES WHAT HE CALLS BABY CIGARETTE SMOKING AND PREDICTS THAT ERE LONG GODFATHERS AND GODMOTHERS WILL BE GIVING CIGARETTES INSTEAD OF THE TRADITIONAL FORK AND SPOON]

Countess Brownlow

Countess Brownlow, the hostess for the Auxiliary Forces at the Leap Year Dinner at Prince's, is one of the most exclusive women in England. Intensely refined, she has a great aversion to many of the doings of the faster set in Society, preferring the statelier and more restful manners which were in vogue in her youth. By birth she comes of one of the noblest families in Britain, as before her marriage she was Lady Adelaide Talbot, daughter of the eighteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. In those days she was celebrated for her loveliness, and even now, when old age has set its mark upon her, she still retains her gracious presence, and the unfading charm of beautiful, well-cut features. It is a great grief, both to the Countess and her husband, that there is no heir to the title, which is, therefore, doomed to extinction, the successor to the land and Barony being Mr. Henry Cust, at one time Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Photo by *Cassels*

Lady Ruby Elliot
Daughter of the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada

Miss Viola Tree

Great interest is manifested in the *début* of Miss Viola Tree, the charming and talented daughter of a famous father and mother, who has made quite a hit by her impersonation of her namesake in *The Twelfth Night*. As a child Miss Tree wilfully expressed her disinclination to go on the stage; and being once asked by a friend if she meant to be an actress when she grew up, answered, with a pout, "No, I mean to marry." One more anecdote of those early days which this young girl of nineteen has barely left behind her. One day she requested her father to give her a pony. "But I can't afford one, dear," he replied gravely. "Then, do be quick and learn to act better," retorted the little maiden, "so that you will be able to buy one." Miss Tree's unusual height makes her a distinguished figure wherever she goes, though in manner she is disposed to be reserved and somewhat silent. A story is told that once at a party a stranger from the country asked Sir Frank Burnand, "Who is the shy six-footer?" "Oh, one of the Trees," he promptly replied. "What trees?" said the other, evidently mystified. "Why the poplar trees, of course," was the answer with which Sir Frank completed his confusion.

The Earl of Coventry

Lord Coventry, who on Monday next attains his sixty-sixth birthday, is one of an army of veterans whose life-long devotion to the pursuit of sport has earned them vigour and heartiness at an age when the average man who has not spent his life in the open, is beginning to feel his age. Lord Coventry's principal recreation, it need hardly be mentioned, is hunting. He is as familiar a figure, however, on the racecourse as he is in the hunting field. In our

illustration he appears in the paddock at Ludlow Club, of which he is one of the stewards.

Photo by **The Earl of Coventry** *Griffith Williams*

His lordship is seen in the centre of the picture, and was facing our photographer when the snapshot was taken

"My Memories"

The Countess of Munster, whose interesting volume of memoirs has recently been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, was the daughter of the second son of the first Marquis of Ailsa, and, as her ladyship puts it "on my father's side I am *tout ce qu'il y a de plus Ecossais.*" On her mother's side Lady Munster is connected with the Throne, for her mother was the daughter of William IV., by the famous actress and beauty, Mrs. Jordan.

"My Memories" contains, if nothing very new, many interesting recollections of famous people. Queen Adelaide, Louis Philippe, Queen Victoria, and the Prince Consort are but a few of the historic persons of whom Lady Munster writes. There are some curious, not to say weird, ghost stories introduced into the pages of the book. Many of the anecdotes, unfortunately, lose their point owing to the names of those concerned being omitted; but, nevertheless, the book is charmingly and naïvely written, and will no doubt be found of great interest to those who prefer facts to fiction. Lady Munster, who lives quietly at Brighton, is much loved, and, as she tells us in her memoirs, in return loves the very stones of Brighton.

M. Catulle Mendès

A *grande première* at the Grand Opera in Paris is always an event, and the real poetic value of the libretto of *Le fils de l'Etoile*, by Monsieur Catulle Mendès, to which the music of M. Camille Erlanger has lent its charm, has made all Paris flock

Photo by **Miss Viola Tree** *Beresford*

Photo by **Countess Brownlow** *Russell*

to see the play. It is the story of the Jews' revolt under the reign of Hadrian, when Bar Kokeba, which, in Syrian, means the Son of the Star, declared himself to be the true Messiah. He was conquered, it will be remembered, by Julius Severus, and his name went down to history as Bar Coziba, Son of the Lie, his conquest being the signal for the dispersion of the Jewish people and the destruction of Jerusalem. Monsieur Catulle Mendès' opera shows us the sorceress Akiba and her *protégée*, Sephora, awaiting the coming of the Saviour of Israel. The Son of the Star comes. He weds Sephora, and attempts the restoration of the Kingdom of Israel. He would have succeeded, had Lilith, the magician, not made him love her by her spells and ruined him. Sephora, to regain her husband, means to emulate the sacrifice of Judith, and makes for the Roman camp. But Lilith meets her on the road, and throws her into an enchanted sleep, during which she dreams (the dream forming the ballet of the Opera) that she has wedded Severus and killed him. She wakes, finds Bar Kokeba, and convinces him of Lilith's treachery, but it is is too late. He is conquered by Severus, and, with Sephora in his arms, dies in the ruins of the Temple. Monsieur Alvarez, in the part of Bar Kokeba, Madame Heglon as Lilith, and Madame Bréval in the part of Sephora, had an immense success, and it is more than likely that *The Son of the Star* may find its way to London before long.

The Countess of Munster

Whose interesting book, "My Memories," has recently been published

[*Reproduced by permission of Mr. E. Nash, from "My Memories"*]

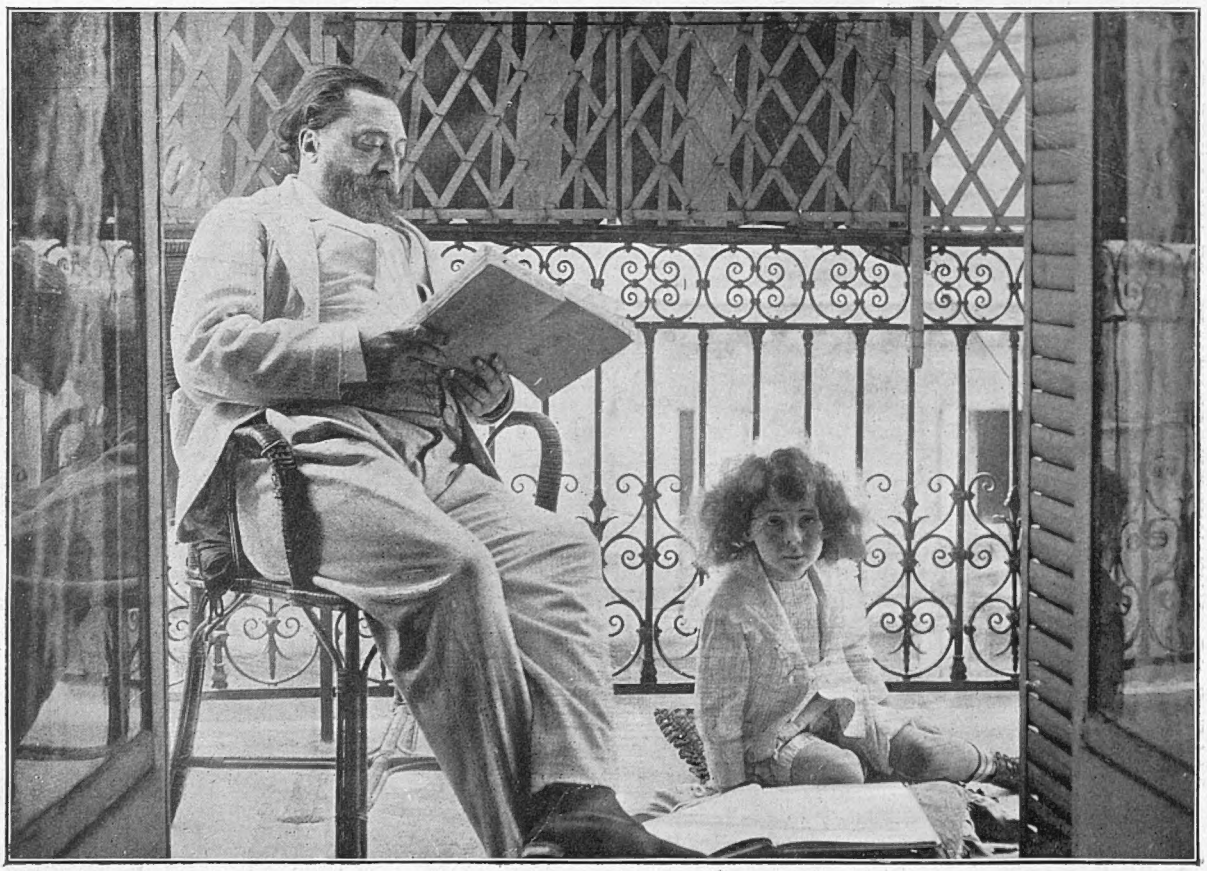


Photo by *Raphael*

M. Catulle Mendes and his Little Daughter

Le fils de L'Etoile, M. Mendès' poetical play, for which M. Erlanger has written the music, has scored a striking success at the Opera House, Paris

Photo by **The Earl of Dudley at the Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show** *[Chancellor*

The Lord Lieutenant in our illustration is the central figure of the group and is carrying a walking cane

Brigadier-General G. Kemball, C.B., D.S.O.

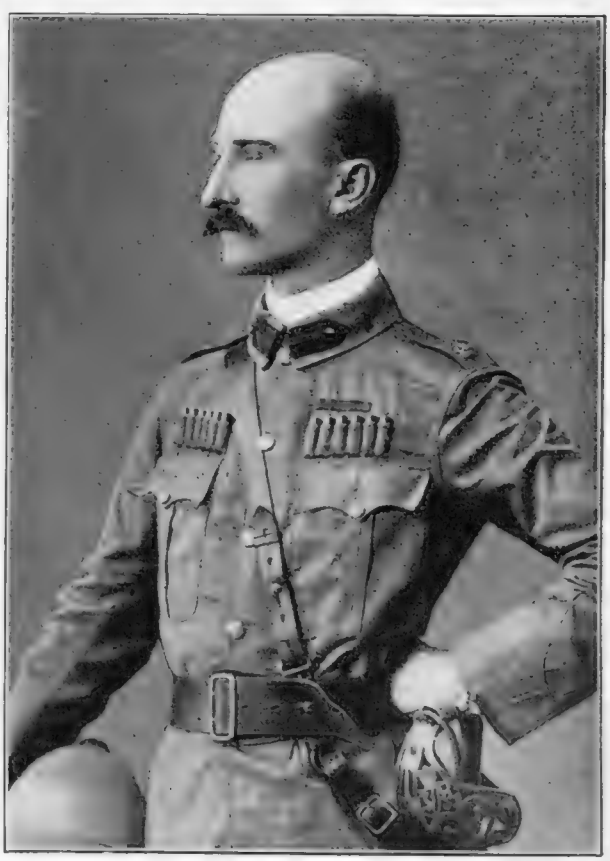
General Kemball, who arrived in London on April 25 after an interesting official tour throughout Nigeria, has contributed in no small degree to the present prestige of the West African Frontier Force which, under his command, did so well in the Kano-Sokoto Expedition last year. Since he took part in the march to Kandahar, General Kemball has seen much active service, and apparently combines success as a general in the field with talent for organisation. His Nigerian appointment necessitates several months' annual work at the Colonial Office, where he has earned a great name for thoroughness. Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, formed a high opinion of his capability. Both General Kemball and his wife, who possesses a fascinating personality, are very popular in Society.

Langford

The fourth Baron Langford, of Summerhill, County Meath, has been for twenty years one of the Irish Representative Peers in the House. He is a retired lieutenant-colonel in the Grenadier Guards, which he entered as an ensign at the age of nineteen. He is fifty-five now. For some years he was State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and afterwards Comptroller to the same great official. He succeeded to the Barony in 1854, and married a daughter of Sir Richard Sutton some fourteen years ago.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Baron Langford



Brigadier-Gen. G. Kemball, C.B., D.S.O.

Photo by] **The King and Queen at Punchestown Races** [*D'Arcy*

King Edward will be seen at once standing at the top of the steps. Queen Alexandra is more in the background and to the left

Photo by] **Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford** [*Poole*

The beautiful Irish seat of the Duke of Devonshire, where the King has been entertained

Mr. Cecil Edge in his 15 h.-p. Napier, in which he made a Two-Thousand Mile Non-Stop Run Last Week

This marvellous run, from New Burlington Street to Piccadilly, *via* Land's End and John o' Groats, was undertaken, not as a speed competition, but thoroughly to test every part of a motor-car. At Inverness, delay was caused by the snapping of a chain and punctured tyres, but repairs were effected without stopping the engines

Photos by

Visitors on their Way to Holy Trinity Church

Brunell

The Floral Tributes Deposited on Shakespeare's Tomb

"SHAKESPEARE DAY" AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

"As It Happens"

There is a rumour that Sir Acland Hood has given the Opposition a terrible wigging. Laxity, he says, is dangerous. It not infrequently happens that the Liberal vote is only just large enough to save the Government from defeat.

To open an Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court shows kindly thoughtfulness on the part of the management. Those who do not care to break the habits of so many former months may still frequent, for a modest charge, the watery streets they have learnt to love. Visitors to this country should not miss a splendid anticipation of the approaching summer. A shilling is well spent when it prepares one for the London lagoons of August.

Venice (in London)

"I stood at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,"
(To use the glowing language of the poet),
And watched with vaguely reminiscent eyes
The stream of gondolas which passed below it.

Romance and Courts of Love I called to mind—
Fair palaces, the tepid Adriatic.
Early Venetian, chivalrous, refined,
I lingered at the pageant hydrostatic.

I did not hail yon swarthy gondolier—
A Brompton owner of a cart and pony,
His palate innocent of beef and beer,
He fed on fictionary macaroni.

Italian courtiers, methought, the throng
Of youths in Panamas from Brixton villas:
And all the Suburbs' goddesses, my strong
Excited fancy wrapped in gay mantillas.

To conjure up a cloudless, azure sky
Asks but an effort of imagination,
And then—a summer downpour made me fly
For refuge to the Earl's Court Railway Station.

At the Peace Congress, to be included on the fifth of this month in the St. Louis Exhibition, Russian and Japanese delegates will contest their claims for the gold medal. Both nations submit that, in their endeavour to secure peace during the last few months, they have displayed more activity than all other countries put together.

For some inexplicable reason I see that the *London Gazette* has published "illustrations representing the proof marks henceforward to be placed upon small arms." Does this refer to the compulsory vaccination of infants? If so, it was surely a matter for the attention of the medical journals.

Lisbon greets the end of the news famine with "indescribable enthusiasm"; especially is this true of the journalistic element who have faced famine of a more materialistic nature. But the case of one writer in particular is an awful warning against unrestraint. He wrote a good realistic article on *Does Tightening the Belt Stay Hunger?* and as soon as the strike was over he sold it—the article not the belt. The rash man then proceeded to order an extensive dinner, which he incontinently devoured. His imprudence in refusing to go through the course of preliminary soup, beef-tea, etc., prescribed for him by his doctor nearly cost him his life.

Those afoot upon the night of the Crystal Palace Final were treated to strange sights and sounds. Charing Cross Road surged with good-humoured saunterers, armed cap and pipe, whose voice was not the voice of Cockneydom. They had come to see "t' coop tie," and having seen it, they elected also to "see t' tairn." They were left at one o'clock still seeing; and though the police report a splendid decrease in liquor consumption, one could not help marvelling how the crowds were ever to be swept together for the journey North.

The Song of the Rope

Apologetically dedicated to the Gloucestershire doctor who recommends skipping in a bedroom as a healthful exercise for men of middle age.

With slippers tattered and torn,
With a countenance all a-drip,
A man beyond the meridian age,
Was trying his best to skip.
Spring! spring! spring!
At the call of a new-born hope,
And wheezily thus he tried to sing
The song of the skipping-rope.

Skip, skip, skip!
Till the brain begins to swim;
And skip, skip, skip!
Till rotundity grows slim:
Heavy and lazy and dense,
Dense and torpid and fat,
Beneath the rope grow light and gay—
And, oh, I skip for that!

"Oh, men with aches and pains,
Oh, men with livers to please,
It is not slippers I'm wearing out,
But the germs of fell disease!
Skip, skip, skip!
How the sound of the rope-swish thrills,
Slaying at once with a double aim,
Disease and a doctor's bills!

"Skip, skip, skip!
My labour never flags;
And what if I damage my household gods,
Or tear my apparel to rags?
That shattered vase, and this shaken floor—
Wrecked table—and broken chair—
That naked wall—I can bear them all,
For I know I am growing spare!"

With features distorted and drawn,
With arms that could whirl no more,
A middle-aged, overwrought heap of man
Lay on a bedroom floor!
Skip, skip, skip!
'Tis a message of faith and hope,
And still, with a weak and convulsive twitch,
And a voice toned down to the whispering pitch,
He sang this Song of the Rope!

"At the Sign of the Times"

CONCERNING BIRTHDAY PARAGRAPHS; "THE DAILY CHRONICLE"; AND SOME CRITICS

The Importance of "Happy Returns"

"Happy returns to Mr. Smith, the well-known banker, who is fifty-three to-day, and to Miss Delicia Jones, whose artistic brush still delights us, in spite of her fortieth summer having dawned. Miss Jones's brother-in law is Archdeacon Robinson, whose pamphlet on Disorderly Curates has caused such a sensation in Dorsetshire. He will be sixty to-morrow." Here, in a few lines is the Birthday Paragraph, one of the most popular forms of literature at the present day. No journalist can hope for an appointment on the staff of an important paper unless he is qualified to write Birthday Paragraphs, and those containing a split infinitive are the most valued.

As a Phase of English Literature

Ordinary people—I mean, of course, those who are not journalists and have not even so much as written their reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone for the *Cornhill* or the *Nineteenth Century*—quite ordinary people then, might suppose that the Birthday Paragraph is not hard to write. Let no young man or young woman be tempted to give up a respectable post under that impression. It is a most mistaken one. There is nothing harder to write than the Birthday Paragraph, for the simple reason that the supply of famous people who have birthdays is limited. If anyone doubts this, I advise them to study the *Daily Chronicle*.

Is Recognised:

This excellent little journal, which gives us for a ha'penny as much as we want to read, if we are Liberals, and more—if we are Tories—is perhaps the leading authority on birthdays. The man who has not been congratulated by the *Daily Chronicle* upon his birthday may as well give up any idea of being famous. He can still do honest work, and even grow prize turnips or roses in his spare hours, but nothing short of an earthquake will procure him distinction in this world. Otherwise the *Daily Chronicle* would infallibly have wished him many happy returns. I say this merely to show how unfailing an authority the *D.C.* is. Yet—only the other day—the Editor was forced to admit a paragraph in which (after Smith or whoever it was had been congratulated) it was stated that Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," would have been ninety (I think it was ninety, but it may have been a hundred) if he had lived. Clearly, the supply of living celebrities had run out.

Specimens are Given and

It is, however, in periods of adversity like this that the born journalist shows his mettle. Philip James Bailey was merely a stop-gap. I await with confidence the following:

Heartiest congratulations to King Alfred, who would have been eleven hundred years old to-day, had he lived. Mr. Alfred Austin, whose name must ever be associated with that of the great monarch—in the minds of all who love poetry—is his junior by one thousand and forty-nine years and six months. England is the better for such men.

Many happy returns of the day to Methuselah, who would have attained his two billionth year, had he survived rather longer than he did. His economic views have not unfortunately been placed on record, but there can be little doubt he was a Free Trader.

The best of wishes to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who, if he had remained a Liberal, would to-day have been sixty-five. He fell a victim to Protection in the prime of life, not before he had made orchids famous. *Requiescat in pace.*

Some Pearls are Extracted

Since the *Daily Chronicle* appears to be my theme, I cannot refrain from noticing the biographical note with which it introduced its most recent serial-writer, Mr. Frank Barrett. "This popular novelist"—it ran—"started his career as a sculptor, and it is to this early training he attributes his ability to make the characters in his novels 'stand out,' strongly modelled, and sharply defined. While humorous groups and studies in terra-cotta were finding their way into shops and galleries, certain stories from Mr. Barrett's hand were creeping into magazines. The first published book "Fantoceini" caused critics to ask 'Who is Frank Barrett?'"

From the "Daily Chronicle"

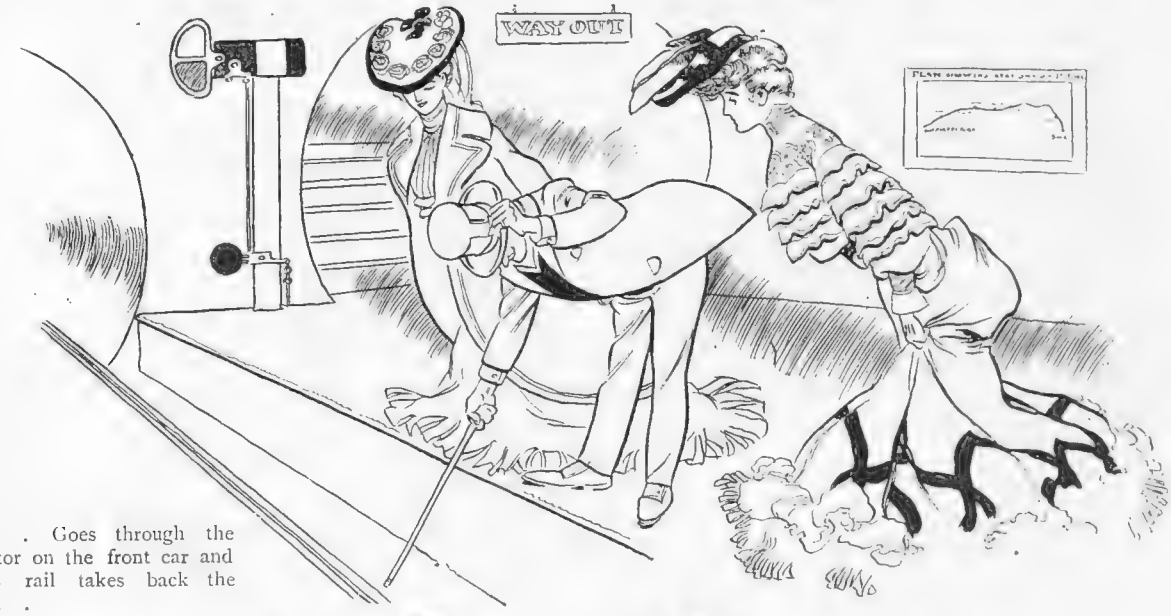
Serial stories themselves I never read, except when the police news is of indifferent quality. But I perused that notice with pleasure. I liked the notion of Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Mr. Andrew Lang, and Dr. Garnett, and all the other literary critics crying together "Who is Frank Barrett?" It gave such an insight into the ways of English criticism. One would have expected them to say "What is the value of this book which it is my business to criticise?" But, no. In their open-hearted British way they forgot the book in their curiosity about the man. "Who is he?" they said. And no doubt they added: "What does he eat for breakfast? What sort of a pen does he use? Has he a favourite cat? And what is his chief recreation?" for these are the questions which must be answered by the critics before the public will pay them for keeping up the high standard of English literature.

"MINIMUS"

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING;

OR, THE PERILS OF A GUIDE ON THE "TWOPENNY TUBE"

You see the current comes through that middle big rail then . . .



. . . Goes through the motor on the front car and this rail takes back the . . .

. . . 500 Volts ! !

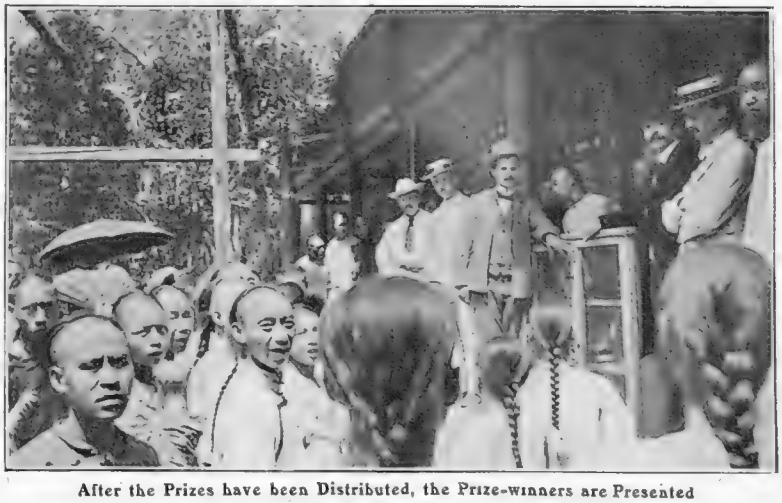
FROM ABROAD.

Native Sports in Mid-China

The College of Western Learning, at T'ai Yuan Fu, in China, the establishment of which was materially assisted by the issue of the Educational Edicts by the Empress Dowager, now boasts a staff of five foreign teachers, with six Chinese assistant teachers or masters. These latter all speak English, and have been educated in America or in the college at Shanghai or Tientsin. There are about one hundred and eighty students, and for the first few years the curriculum consists of such subjects as will make the groundwork of a useful education, and prepare the pupils for subsequent special studies. The physical, as well as the mental and moral training, is attended to, and it is a strange sight to witness these students, minus their long gowns (without which a scholar is scarcely ever seen), taking part in various athletic sports. The foreign teachers have managed, during the short time they have had these pupils under their care, to instil into them quite a desire for manly exercises, and it is quite refreshing to see them, as early as five o'clock in the morning, when it is cool, enjoying a game of cricket or football, or engaged in a tennis tournament, with their pig-tails flying round in all directions The "tug-of-war," long jump, high jump, and other games of a quieter nature — like blind-fold attempts to smash a flower-pot—are also indulged in. Prizes are distributed in quite the orthodox fashion, and the winners are presented to the Principal, or whoever is at the time chief patron of the sports. The accompanying photographs are, we believe, the first pictures of sports in the interior of China to be published in any English paper.

A Curious Chinese Sport: Blindfold Attempts to Smash a Flower-pot

Presenting Native Students at the College of Western Learning with Prizes Won at English Sports



After the Prizes have been Distributed, the Prize-winners are Presented to the Principal

Vladivostok, Yesterday and To-Day

The situation in the Far East is being affected by those natural causes which, in war time, have so strong a bearing on the disposition of forces. Vladivostok is slowly freeing herself from the iron grasp of winter. Japanese vessels are cruising off the fort, and it is in these waters that naval critics are anticipating the next naval battle. Vladivostok came into Russian hands in 1860, and for seventeen years little was done in the matter of fortification. As the Russian Pacific Fleet began to take the place of the old flotilla of small cruisers, the work of fortification was pushed forward. The Chino-Japanese War gave a further impetus to the work of constructing docks and arsenals, and the harbour is now one of the finest in the world, being completely land-locked, with hills crowned with powerful forts on every side. Vladivostok bears a distinct resemblance to Plymouth, that is to say in the summer time, for from December to April the harbour is ice-bound. The ice-breakers are maintained as part of the Naval establishment, and by means of them the channel to the sea is kept comparatively free. Port Arthur, of course, enjoys, no more than Vladivostock, immunity from the grip of ice, but a comparison between the two harbours gives a considerable balance in favour of the latter, Port Arthur being without the dockyard and arsenal that Vladivostok possesses. At the present time, Vladivostok possesses one large graving dock, 625 ft. long by 120 ft. wide, constructed of granite, fitted with all the modern appliances, and capable of containing the largest Russian battleship. It was commenced in 1887 by General Ignatieff, Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, who may be called the pioneer of Russian advance in the Far East, for to his initiative is due those sweeping reforms which divide the Vladivostok of yesterday from the great naval port and station of to-day.

Race Week at Rome

A snapshot of the famous writer, Gabriele d'Annunzio

Race Week at Rome: In the Paddock

The Count of Turin, brother of the King of Italy, and Miss Hamilton, a popular figure in American society at Rome

"Svetlanskaya," the Main Street

The building on the right of the picture is the Governor's Palace. Adjacent is the Navy station

The Magnificently Equipped Dry Dock

VLADIVOSTOK HARBOUR, NOW ICE FREE, WHENCE THE RUSSIAN FLEET RECENTLY MADE A SORTIE

The Monument to Admiral Nevelskoi at Vladivostok

The Village of Gringeolz, Switzerland, Before the Terrible Avalanche Destroyed Lives and Property

The avalanche, which fell from Spitzhorn, was caused by heavy falls of rain, in consequence of which many landslips occurred in the neighbourhood of the Simplon

Gringeols: After the Avalanche had Fallen

This photograph shows that a great part of the village was buried by the avalanche. All trace of the houses is buried several feet beneath earth and snow. Twenty persons were buried alive, but the rescue party succeeded in saving seven of them.

The Funeral of the Victims: A Sad, Impressive Scene

The victims of the catastrophe were laid to rest in the village churchyard, and the funeral was attended by the whole village

CONCERNING MR. LABOUCHERE

It is a considerable time since the numerous hypocritical and sycophantic elements in the Parliamentary life of our country began to suffer from the presence of that unresting foe of humbug, now known wherever the British flag flies by the endearing name of "Labby." It is, indeed, just upon forty years since Mr. Henry Labouchere first became entitled to supplement his name with the two desirable letters in pursuit of which so many sound natures have become warped, so many fat purses have grown thin, and so many noble ideals of political life have been utterly and for ever lost. It was the Royal borough of Windsor that first opened its arms to him, and made him its Liberal member.

It is true that he was unseated on petition early in the following year; but what of that? For a season, at all events, humanity was able to enjoy the exquisitely incongruous spectacle of a thorough-going enemy of all that is aristocratic and privileged in our system of government sitting for Windsor.

It has been maintained that it is always the men of position and birth who make the most consistent and extreme democrats. Mr. Labouchere, as the nephew of a peer, an Eton product, and the runner of an unfinished career in the Diplomatic service, might have been expected to hold almost any views but those for which he is famous. But that, after all, is the whole spirit of his public life. He has never yet done anything in the way that anybody else would have done it. Being a patrician, he has entered and remained in politics as a champion of democracy. Being a champion of democracy, he has consistently exposed himself to the ready suspicion of democracy by maintaining, at all times and seasons, the attitude of a man who will not take himself seriously. Being a man who will not take himself seriously, he has managed to do an amount of sterling work, in the exposure of fraud and chicane by means of *Truth*, that any journalist in the world might be proud of. Being a tireless hunter-down of quacks, impostors, and scoundrels of every degree, he affects a thoroughly cynical view of human nature, and would never allow himself to admit that quackery, imposture, and scoundrelism were not in the very blood and marrow of our species. Having this not very exalted opinion of his fellow-creatures, he has somehow managed to make himself the unchallenged political hero of the electors of Northampton for the last quarter of a century.

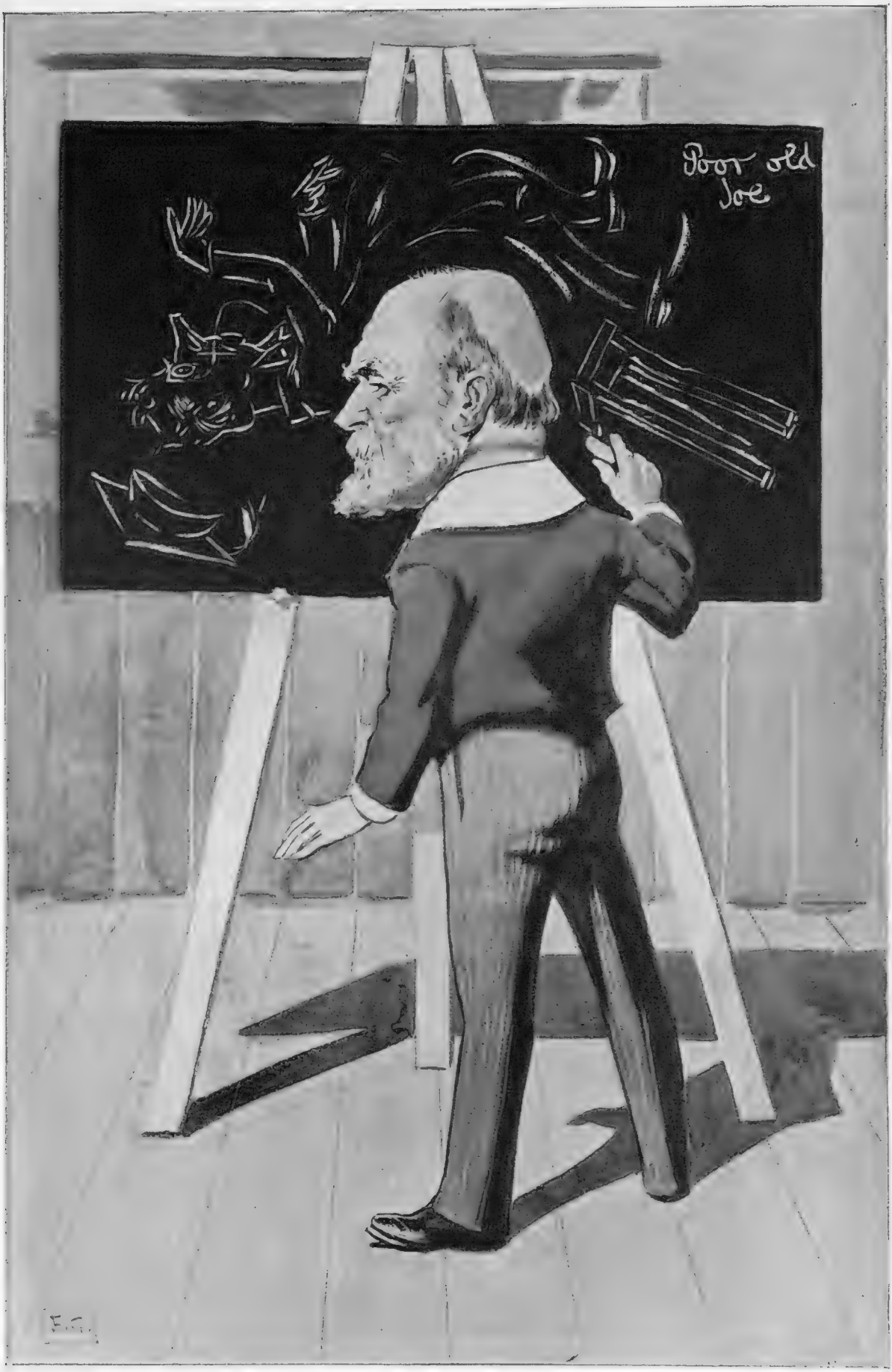
The wit and the intellectual boldness, together with the confirmed taste for making his own friends look foolish, which have always marked Mr. Labouchere in Parliamentary life might lead a fanciful observer to name him the Bernard Shaw of the Manchester School. The description would not be found flattering, perhaps, by either gentleman; yet there are no other men in public or quasi-public life who have that characteristic touch of impishness which has so often reduced the more earnest allies of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Shaw to a state of dumb fury.

It is not often, nowadays, that one can have a clear conscience in attaching to anybody the insulting label, "Manchester School." It has become a term of reproach more bitter than almost any other in the rich vocabulary of political invective; but there is still one man who would not be offended by it. Mr. Labouchere has been called the Abdiel of the lost cause of the Radicalism of forty years ago. "Alone among men of this generation," it has been said, "he has preserved the frank sordidness of the Manchester School in the days when the doctrine of *laissez faire* went about naked and unashamed."

In these later days it is one particular branch of his ancient doctrine with which he is connected in the popular mind: his hatred of Empire. There is absolutely no other politician of Mr. Labouchere's eminence who will confess to the opinions about Empire which he is proud to flaunt. "Little Englander" is a term we fling about gaily in House and country, knowing full well that in these days it is almost totally unmeaning. But one head is delighted to fit on the cap: Mr. Labouchere's. Empire, like most mundane things, has a seamy side; and that side is his continual study. Mr. Stead, who was at one time prominent, it is curious to recall, as a champion of Empire, and especially of South African expansion, declared ten years ago that Mr. Labouchere's comments on Imperial policy suggested that he would have made a very curious piece of work of "a fifth gospel." In the gospel according to St. Henry "we should have been invited to form our conception of the Apostles from the denial of Peter and the treachery and suicide of Judas."

Apart from Little Englandism, there are two things for which Mr. Labouchere stands: the abolition of the House of Lords, and for *Truth*. The time when Lord Rosebery was unexpectedly called on, instead of Sir William Harcourt, to succeed Mr. Gladstone, was one of the bitterest of Mr. Labouchere's life. It robbed him of his chance of obtaining office; and it gave the country a Prime Minister in that House for the extirpation of which Mr. Labouchere once drew up a simple little Bill. As for *Truth*, it is a British institution. For something like thirty years it has been without a rival. You may not like it; but there it is.

Known as the keenest of wits, the cleverest of raconteurs, the most biting of cynics, Mr. Labouchere is, behind it all, a kindly and generous man, who has sacrificed much to his principles. Perhaps Mr. J. M. Barrie, in an early story, best summed up his public character: "A great satirist, combining instruction with amusement, a sort of comic Carlyle."



Master "Labby" and the Subject on his Mind

"With the Long Bow"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

ON KICKING UP ONE'S HEELS

I promised myself and I rather fancy that I promised the reader to say something more about the problem of the classical and the wild and wayward tests in the matter of good literature, typified by the articles of Mr. James Douglas in *T. P.'s Weekly* and Mr. Hilaire Belloc in *London Opinion*. Something came in between. I devoted a previous article to searching the abysses of rectitude in Mr. Belloc and the purely classical idea. I remarked that I was a pure classicist in so far as classicism means the belief in a balance in all human things. But I added that my point of difference from most classicism was that I thought this balance was not only very difficult to attain, but was very difficult to discover. I think that a man will walk many weary miles as yet, and traverse many starry spaces before he arrives at that sweet and strange spot, his own centre of gravity. I think that the equilibrium does exist, but I think that we are still seeking after it, as after a god. I think that sanity is the lot of man. But I think a mild insanity is the lot of men. Let me try to explain.

Take a wild case. Let me imagine, for one rainbow moment, that I know an archdeacon. Having a great respect for the pomp and plenitude of his appearance (and being myself in training for Holy Orders), I am in the habit of walking behind him down the street, imitating his lofty bearing, his few but admirable gestures. Nobody could be more upright, more precisely poised, more of the centre, than my friend the archdeacon; no one could be more classical and restrained; he is like a Doric pillar; he is like a Greek play. Now suppose I am walking down the street behind that straight and solid cleric, copying, as I say, the slow stiff gait, the bland and gentle arrogance. Suppose the archdeacon suddenly flings out his left leg and kicks wildly in the air. Suppose he waves his right arm madly like the sail of a mill. Suppose, in short, my friend the archdeacon, in broad daylight, in the middle of Regent Street, suddenly hurls himself into the most complicated postures of a harlequin.

There are several conceivable explanations of this. It is better both for the purposes of exposition and general enlightenment and also for the sake of those who may at some time or other be called upon to deal with archdeacons and be responsible for them, it is better, I say, to note quite clearly these various explanations of why the archdeacon waved his left leg in the air. The explanations are as follow:

(1) The Theological Explanation.—Some say that the archdeacon waved his leg in the air because, at that precise moment, he suddenly became convinced of the truth of the Apollo-Kinetic Heresy, which held that the dances mentioned in the Old Testament were the only part of that scripture which was really divine. The good old archdeacon had long wrestled (they say) with the arguments on behalf of this doctrine, but was only finally convinced of its truth at that exact moment, while walking down Regent Street. The moment he was really convinced, of course he put his views into action with the simplicity and candour of a true English gentleman, and waved his left leg in the air.

(2) The Medical Explanation.—The supporters of this view, who are very distinguished men of science, have a very interesting theory of why the archdeacon waved his left leg in the air. They attribute it to the subtle influences of a disease which they have discovered. Its chief peculiarity is the habit of waving in the air the left leg.

(3) The Hereditary Explanation.—Those who maintain this view of the matter have discovered that the great-great-uncle of the archdeacon had his leg shot off at the Battle of Preston Pans. They think that this violent and ostentatious agitation of the limb was due to hereditary fear of its removal and pride in its temporary possession.

(4) The Artistic Explanation.—The artists and poets of the modern school say that the archdeacon kicked up his left leg, because he felt that any man, even an archdeacon, is far more beautiful when describing a kind of fantastic triangle. By this attitude the archdeacon endeavoured to express the new art, the art which breaks bounds.

(5) And now we come to another explanation which it seems almost painful to mention. Some people hold that the archeacon waved his left leg in the air not because he had been converted to dancing as an ancient element of worship, not because he had inherited a sort of dancing sickness, not because he had a new wild æsthetic beauty to preach to the world, but because his foot had slipped on a piece of orange peel.

Now the truth is that if he danced because he had slipped on the orange peel, there is a far more interesting moral to be drawn from him than in any other case. For in that case we are face to face with one of the sublime contradictions, the starry inconsistencies which are so common in our life as it is. It sounds fantastic to say that a man throws his feet in the air because he wishes to preserve his dignity. It sounds wild to say that a man stands on one leg from an excessive desire not to create a sensation. Yet this is precisely true. Verbally, it is as frantic as saying that a man screams at the top of his voice from a desire for silence or blacks his face from inordinate pride in his complexion. Yet it is precisely true. The reason why the archdeacon reels and staggers about the road is that he is passionately anxious to walk quietly and upright. If he were not very anxious to walk quietly and upright he would not reel or stagger at all. He would simply fall flat, a horizontal and dignified archdeacon, like

the recumbent body on some priestly tomb. But man cannot fall flat; it is a great Greek and classical severity which is reserved for nine-pins. A nine-pin either stands or falls and in either case it is classical; it is a standing Doric column, or it is a fallen one. But man before he consents to fall, describes every arabesque and repeats every antic that could be found among the devils of Dante or the Martians of Mr. H. G. Wells. He becomes extravagant, but it is always with the aim of being ordinary. He snatches at desperate artistic methods, but it is only with the hope that all this may lead to being able to dispense with art. He flings his limbs into frantic attitudes, but his aim in it is to keep his balance. He makes himself a staggering spectacle to gods and men, a farce, a monstrosity in the sun, a thing with legs and arms gone mad. But all the time his quiet and Christian object is merely to keep his hat on.

This then is the great key-fact, that a man may be eccentric in every gesture and yet be trying to be "centric," that a man may be locked up because he is trying to be sane. Now just as the respectable archidiaconal person throws himself into bizarre postures, just precisely because he hates the thought of being bizarre, so I think at certain periods of European culture, the European spirit staggers and capers about in a very eccentric manner.

But, like the archdeacon, it is not trying to find eccentricity. On the contrary, it is trying to find its balance. This explanation applies, I think, to all the very bizarre products of modern literature which are also really literary. Let us take the examples. Let us take first of all the strange, the fascinating, the overwhelming, the much misinterpreted case of. . . . but I must deal with Him next week.

The "Bystander" Collection of Jugs, Mugs, and Crocks

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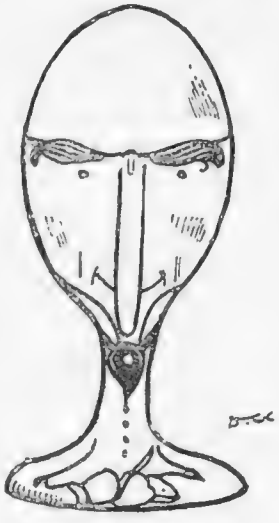
No. 5.—THE "HIGH TEA" EGG-CUP

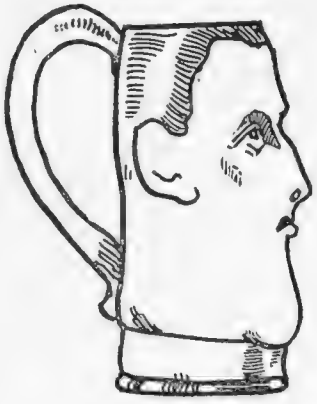


Discovered in the Seventies, and now very Rare and Expensive. None Genuine unless Stamped A. W. P.

No. 6.—FIGURES FOR THE HALL TABLE

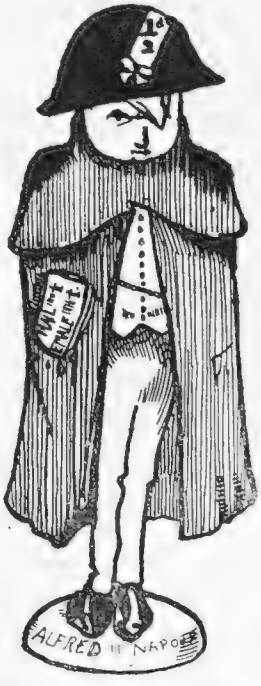
Supposed to Represent the Manxman and a Friend

No. 7.—THE PHILIPPIAN MUG



Found in St. James's Street in 1899

No. 8.—THE NAPOLEON OF CARMELITE STREET



The Most Conspicuous of a Family of Figures made by Answers

No. 9.—THE SHAGPAT SHAVING POT

A Very Rare and Delicate Piece of Ceramic Art—of Some Obscurity

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Confessions of a Journalist." By Chris Healy. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"Mrs. George Bancroft's Letters from England in 1846-49." Written while the author's husband, the Hon. George Bancroft, the American Historian, was accredited to the English Court. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.* net.)

Carlyle's "Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell." The long-expected new edition, in three volumes, with an introduction by Mr. C. H. Firth. (Methuen: 18*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"In the Whirl of the Rising." By Bertram Mitford. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Steps of Honour." By Basil King. (Harper: 6*s.*)

"England's Elizabeth: A Novel." By His Honour Judge Parry. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

"Rosabel." By Esther Miller. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

A Novel of the Moment

"The Fruit of the Vine." By Edwin Pugh. (Long.) 6*s.*

As with the making of ballads, so with the writing of novels, the ways are diverse and many, and each of them is right. The novel is the most thoroughly enfranchised thing in art, although too many novelists love convention. This last cannot be said, however, of Mr. Edwin Pugh, whose new book, "The Fruit of the Vine" (Long) is bold and original, picturesque with the beauty of squalor seen through the mists of dawn, and vivid with the passion that lies within the author's heart. For some unknown reason it is impossible for the reviewer altogether to dissever the personality of the hero of the book, Gideon Bolsover, who dictates the history of his life to a friend, from that of the author. This is especially so when Gideon gives us his views—*ardenta verba*, these—on what a novel should be. Of course we are absolutely disentitled to saddle Mr. Pugh with the *dicta* of Gideon on these matters, still we would risk a few oboli, in the hero's phrase, that we are right, only as regards Gideon's point of view on the writing of novels, of course. His artistic *credo* is this: the truth, always the truth. Later in the book, he speaks of giving us a "slab of God's good truth," and this phrase is at once an account and a condemnation of "The Fruit of the Vine." It is an abstract of the book, in so much as it shows us we can expect that the story of Gideon, from the early squalor of his childhood to the brilliancy of his literary fame and self satisfaction, through the days of his degradation to the last heart-broken victories, will be told with a directness which is of necessity cruel, and a devout belief that, in stating the crude fact, art is served. It is a condemnation, from our point of view, in that it ignores the limitations of the art of the written word and boastfully proclaims an inhuman perfectability. But, having said so much, there is little but praise left for Mr. Pugh's conscientious and clever piece of work. Gideon lives for us through all his passions and miseries, victories and despairs. His circle of the submerged and the people of the socially higher regions into which he penetrates are vividly drawn. Min, the woman of another world than his, who fools him and drops him; Rose, of a lower world than his, who loves him and drops him; his friends, Haviland, foredoomed to early death, Cartlidge, the novelist, who helps him to inherit that fruit of the vine which was foreordained for his undoing, and the crowd of minor characters, which is introduced with skill and humour—and dispatched with a happy phrase—all these lie beneath the reader's eye, and hold him closely interested in the book. Gideon, it is true, laughs at the current phrases of literary journalism, but still calls his book a "human document" and "authentic"; he affects a pure, blunt style, and would call a pig a swine should occasion serve; he uses a French word with an apology which is the ultimate point of priggishness and an insult to two languages, and yet Gideon is a true man, and one recognises him body and soul, and sympathises with him when he offends as when he delights. To all interested in the art of fiction, "The Fruit of the Vine" is a book that cannot be slighted or overlooked. E. M.

The Brazen Yellow-Back

I never remember a time when the yellow-back had a good reputation. In its most flourishing days my elders regarded it with suspicion and dislike, and did their best—a poor best, I fear—to prevent my glutting my voracious young mind with its more or less appetising contents. But it is only of late years that I have come to realise that it has a thoroughly saurian disposition, cunning, specious, and truly deceitful. It has put off its yellow back, and birsles—a Scotch word—about the world in red cloth, green cloth, or blue cloth, charging six shillings for itself instead of half-a-crown.

This reptilian policy of disguise is very unfair. The mature reader spending his six shillings, or, it may be, four-and-sixpence, in the quiet trust that he is getting solid and satisfying fiction for his money, is justly enraged by finding himself head downwards in frothy rubbish. The respectable householder is tricked: he sees his young daughter reading a

decorous volume bound in dark blue cloth, and supposing, from its look, that it is a work of strong domestic interest, goes on his way with a careless mind. Really, the young person is stuffing herself with the rankest sensationalism and the most piffling sentimentality.

Three of these disguised yellow-backs confront me at the moment with a brazen indifference; they do not seem to squirm whatever I say about them. The first of them, "The Filigree Ball," by Anna K. Green (Fisher Unwin), is a good yellow-back, of sound if undistinguished craftswomanship. It is a story of crime; a young woman is found in a deserted house with a revolver bullet in her heart, and a revolver tied to her wrist by a white satin riband. It looks like suicide; but the suspicion is presently awakened in the mind of the police that she has been murdered. Evidence is slowly gathered which incriminates her husband and her half-sister, and the interest grows and grows until you are really excited by the story, you have to finish it, and the final clearing-up of the mystery comes as a genuine surprise. It is a good story for a railway journey; but had it been a really honourable book, it would have come forth in yellow boards and sold itself for half-a-crown.

The second brazen work is "The Albert Gate Affair," by Louis Tracy (Ward, Lock). It has dressed itself in green cloth, with brown lines on it, and tells a preposterous tale of Turks and diamonds, and murder and pursuit. There is a terrible specimen of the Sherlock Holmes in it called Brett; there is an assistant-secretary of the Foreign Office, who seems to have been appointed to that post for his inordinate capacity for making a fool of himself; there is his sister to supply the necessary love interest, with the help of a beefy but thick-witted young earl. This quartette chases an intelligent French criminal from London to Palermo; and we are invited to believe that it catches him. It is indeed a poor piece of rubbish.

The third, "The Despoilers," by Edmund Mitchell (Cassell), is even more brazen. It has not only clothed itself in a modest dark blue cloth; but when you open it there flutters at you from its pages a panegyric of it, on which the idle reviewer may be tempted to construct his review without reading the book. I do not know who wrote this panegyric; but, whoever he was, in this world, at any rate, he should never lack a kettle. He says it is "in every sense of the word a 'strong' book. . . . The situations are thrilling . . . those who like their fiction replete with adventure, who want a strong love element and dramatic situations, should find all their needs satisfied by 'The Despoilers.'" Should they? They won't. It is a melodramatic farrago of lost wills, gallant young soldiers, rascally lawyers, Dago villains, improper singers, and bloodhounds, all of them constructed of the most uncompromising wood, and remarkably creaky in action. If you planted this book, trees would spring up, it is so wooden: a very yellow-backy yellow-back indeed.

E. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

It is interesting to find some novels by Mrs. Aphra Behn among the "Half-Forgotten Books" which Messrs. Routledge have in preparation. Aphra Behn was remarkable, not only for the indelicacy of most of her writings, but as being the first Englishwoman to earn her living with her pen. That takes us a very long way back—to the days of the Merry Monarch, when literature had to be coarse to be fashionable. Aphra Behn got to know Charles II. himself; she was a comely woman, and her ready wit amused him. He even entrusted her with secret State business, sending her to Antwerp as a Government spy before the outbreak of the Dutch war. It was a dangerous mission and led to many adventures, including all kinds of amorous attentions from admirers in the Low Countries. Before returning to England, she accepted a Dutchman's offer of marriage—her first husband, also a Dutchman, had died some years before—and sailed with the idea of meeting him again in London. But her lover died at Amsterdam, and Aphra herself was shipwrecked, narrowly escaping with her life. Then she settled down to earn her living by her pen—and incidentally to introduce milk-punch into England. The story of "Oroonoko," the chief of her novels about to be reprinted, is not ruined by the coarseness which makes the majority of her plays and other works impossible for present-day readers. Mrs. Behn died in 1689, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Michael Davitt returns to his own distressful country in his new book to be published by Messrs. Harper's next week, entitled "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland." His last works, it may be remembered, were his personal narrative of "The Boer Fight for Freedom," and "The Crime of Kishineff." It is just twenty years, by the way, since his first book, "Leaves from a Prison Diary," was published, shortly after his last term of imprisonment for seditious speech. His new book is a complete history of the Irish land question from the time of Cromwell down to the present day, and the most interesting chapters will probably be those dealing with Parnell and the other great figures of modern Irish history.

Mr. C. T. Brady, author of "A Corner in Coffee" and one or two other successful novels, has written a romance of the Spanish Main round the life of Sir Henry Morgan, the most remarkable of all buccaneers. Morgan was a ferocious man, but as brave a sailor as ever lived. In Mr. Brady's romance, he is shown, a real pirate, just as he was—great and gallant, yet small and mean and cruel.

"To study and to know what life is, is to solve its mystery, to receive imperishable light, and to secure everlasting and unalloyed happiness." So writes a Hindu philosopher in announcing a new book on "The Problem of Life," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish. The author is Mr. Mammath C. Mallik, a Hindu barrister in London, who is striving to show how human advancement towards perfection, if ever attainable on this planet, can be achieved.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Leisured Novelists

Perhaps, after all, the ideal condition of authorship is that of the amateur, using the word in its original sense. It is still true that literature is, in the words of Charles Lamb, "a very bad crutch, but a very good walking stick," and those who are fortunate enough to be able to exercise their literary gifts by way of a walking stick are more likely to have the continual inspiration of pleasure in their avocation than others who have to hobble along with the very bad crutch. But, oddly enough—and yet not odd, as it may reasonably be considered a case of cause and effect—it is very often to our leisured authors that the richest rewards are given. The man of letters who can make his living by the pen, and needs to do so, is almost bound to surrender certain qualities of freshness and point of view which the man of leisure is better conditioned to preserve.

Mr. W. E. Norris

A writer who has produced his books with unfailing regularity for a good many years now, but whom I suspect of being quite independent of literature as a crutch, is Mr. W. E. Norris, whose latest novel, "Nature's Comedian," is being issued by Messrs. Longmans. Mr. Norris is the only surviving son of the late Sir William Norris, Chief Justice of Ceylon, and was born fifty-seven years ago in Cavendish Square. Much of his early life, however, was passed among the Surrey hills, and he was educated at Twyford and at Eton, going abroad to study modern languages with a view to the Diplomatic service. Eventually he studied for the Bar, to which he was called at the Inner Temple, but never practised; and turned, instead, like many another lawyer before and since, to authorship. The late Sir Leslie Stephen, who was fairy godfather to so many young writers during his editorship of the *Cornhill*, accepted Mr. Norris's first short story, and encouraged him to write his first novel, "Heaps of Money," which appeared in 1877, and has been followed by a score of others. There is, about Mr Norris's writing, especially since his "Thirlby Hall," a style that has been compared with that good-humoured cynicism, touched with pathos, one associates with the name of Thackeray, and, although this is not eminently to the taste of the present-day public, I fancy Mr. Norris still retains much of his old popularity. To my mind "Giles Ingilby" is one of his finest stories; but a correspondent pointed out, in one of our literary papers some time ago, that it is somewhat marred by the unnecessary introduction of foreign phrases.

Photo by *Russell*

Miss Mary Cholmondeley

Miss Mary Cholmondeley

We are soon to have another book by this brilliant novelist, who also belongs to the fortunate class of leisured writers. But Miss Cholmondeley labours under the severe handicap of ill health, which, perhaps more than the fact that she is not a "professional" novelist, accounts for her rare appearances. In twelve years she has published only six books, but several of these are among the best novels written during that time, and her short story, entitled "Geoffrey's Wife" in "Moth and Rust," published in the autumn of 1902, ought surely to be included in any list of the best short stories in the English language. Although one of the most widely read of our lady novelists, Miss Cholmondeley's personality is but little known to the reading public, and all her books, from "Diana Tempest," in 1893, to "Red Pottage," six years later, were issued anonymously. She is the daughter of the Rev. R. H. Cholmondeley, for many years vicar of Hodnet, and formerly owner of Condover Hall, Shropshire. A good few years ago, and before she had been induced to avow herself on her title pages, a pushful American journalist went to her home to "interview" her. Miss Cholmondeley endeavoured to answer his

questions, but refused to supply him with a photograph. "Wal," he is reported to have said, "I guess I shall be redooced to one of two alternatives: either to tell my people on the other side to use a stock portrait—and I may say that our supply of beauties is giving out!—or to get an artist to come down and sketch you while you are singing in the choir at Hodnet Church, and that is a time when, I am afraid, you — are — not — looking — at — your — best!" Under this threat her first portrait was surrendered. But I may state that the photograph which accompanies these notes was obtained without any resort to strategy.

Names and Pen-Names

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome remarked in his first book that he was quite happy with his stage-name until he met a fellow-actor whose real name was the same as that Mr. Jerome had assumed, and whose stage-name was the latter's real name. There is, indeed, a great deal of unnecessary confusion caused by the use of fictitious names by actors and authors, and an instance of this occurred to me the other day, when a group of literary men were divided as to the proper name of Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, that charming American writer on wild life, whose popularity is steadily growing in this country. Some held that his name was Seton-Thompson; but I find that the confusion is explained by Mr. Seton's having published his earlier books as by "Ernest Seton-Thompson." A *nom de plume* ought surely to have a purpose, and if that purpose be to suppress the author's real name, it should be as steadily maintained as in the case of George Eliot or Henry Seton Merriman. It may be urged that the personal journalism of to-day renders this difficult, but that is not so, if the author desires to remain identified by the assumed name. No one naturally thinks of Henry Seton Merriman as H. S. Scott, but everybody does inevitably think of John Oliver Hobbes as Mrs. Craigie. I remember Mr. Robert Barr saying to me that he considered John Oliver Hobbes an ideal pen-name, as it "meant nothing," whereas "Luke Sharpe," the pseudonym he himself used for many years, was a rather silly one. Strangely enough, he adopted it from a real person, and there is a well-known public man in Birmingham who bears that name.

Photo by *Dinham*

Mr. W. E. Norris

The Puff Mysterious

Talking of fictitious names, a novel has just been written by a person who is advertised as the wife of a well-known author. And this novel, of which I know nothing, is alleged to be in its third impression "without the aid of reviews." It has been lavishly advertised with an irritating query, "Who is Olivia Roy?" This is the way to sell patent medicines, and I have no doubt that books can thus be forced on the public also. But as I have an intense dislike of the methods of the quack, and do not care a straw who Olivia Roy may be, I mean to risk missing the reading of a possible masterpiece by avoiding her book. We have had enough of this American "fake" business in English publishing, with "An Englishwomans Love Letters," "The MS. in a Red Box," and other examples all too fresh in our minds.

When Mr. Printer Nods

In a well-known journal I read the other day a reference to Mr. Edgar Saltus, the author of "Mary of Magdala," which the printer, with his quaint, unconscious humour, had disguised as "Mary of Mugdale." A very amusing list might be compiled, from the columns of the daily press especially, of book-titles, which, at the hands of the compositor, assume strange and almost impenetrable disguises. Some time ago I noticed a story entitled "Castleton's 'Prep,'" reviewed as "Castleton's Pup," and I recall an elaborate notice of that impertinent book (in which Miss Marie Corelli is alleged to have had a hand), "The Silver Domino," whose sub-title, "Side Whispers on Society," the ingenious compositor had altered to "Side Whiskers," etc. Mr. Edgar Saltus, by the way, is a brilliant American writer whose books seem to be gradually winning a public in this country, though they have a touch of cynicism I do not relish. I observe that in an American publication he is given as the author of "Mary Magdalen," which may either be the American title of his novel — following the confusing practice of christening the same book differently on both sides of the Atlantic—or only another "printer's error."

OUR SHORT STORY

"THE WOMAN OF FASHION"

By ALBERT KINROSS

"It was never published; in fact, it has disappeared," said Lutterworth.

I had just asked him which among the numerous and varied performances that had gained him a conspicuous place in contemporary English letters he considered the very best, the "topmost blossom" of his remarkable and many-sided gift. Genius is a strong word: and I forebear to use it. Yet here, if anywhere, among my living acquaintances, it was not amiss.

"Disappeared," he repeated, "at least, so far as I know. But that is a story. Shall I tell it to you?"

"Naturally," said I.

"Well, first we will get the original documents."

He left me for a few moments. I heard the stairs creak. They creaked again; and Lutterworth came back with a bundle of faded papers in his hands.

"Gamage—Gamble," he said, "I've got them."

He untied the parcel; neat, methodical it was, with endorsements and the date on every piece. To the average man, a writer is above these things; but Lutterworth might have conducted Atlantic "combines." He was precise, exact; his own work has these qualities to a degree—a terrible, swift sureness that overlooks nothing and leaves nothing to chance. You may remember his "Redeemers." How neat and yet how powerful *that* is!

He had selected three letters from the bundle.

"Act 1," he said. Now listen! . . .

DEAR MR. LUTTERWORTH,

I would be glad to have an article from you on some novel art topic. Ten pages would be about the length. Our terms are two guineas a page, and would so make the price stand at £21. I hope that this will meet with your approval, and that I may have the "copy" about the end of the first week in January.

Yours very truly,

LOLA GAMBLE.

"Excellent!" I interrupted. "Now go on?"

"Lola Gamble was the Editor of the *Woman of Fashion*," continued Lutterworth. "I had met her twice; at a dinner-party and at a crush. She had talked to me of my two books and declared herself an admirer. I know nothing more of her. She seemed a shrewd combination of gush and business capacity, and was well dressed to match the journal she conducted with so much brilliancy and acumen. The subject she had proposed attracted me, the terms were generous. Twenty-two years ago I did better work and received less pay," said Lutterworth with a smile.

He resumed his narrative: "'Some novel art topic'—there is, of course, no such thing. I was, however, dying to write about Nanetti, and, at that time, he was hardly the creation of every rhapsodist, the butt of every hack, the peg of every sermoniser, the—in short, the Nanetti that, nowadays, even the very Academicians acknowledge eloquently and bid for at Christie's. . . . I wrote about Nanetti—the *Woman of Fashion* was up to it; indeed, it was Lola Gamble's boast that she was running a female magazine that could hold its own with any masculine competitor. I wrote about Nanetti, about the painter, about the poet, about Mary Dyce, her awful death, the man's later madness, and his son's forgeries—about that whole wonderful bag of tricks. And it was new! I was the first that ever burst, to the extent of ten pages at least, into that silent sea! Can you imagine it? A Nanetti untouched by hack or rhapsodist—and to me was given the revelation!

"Things had leaked out of course. The son's forgeries had made something of a scandal. He swore he had found the pictures in his father's studio; and Nanetti was dead, so no one could disprove it. But you remember that. Then Mary Dyce's death, knifed by that infernal scoundrel Piccinino—a model, a beastly Italian model! The brute said he loved her and she would not listen. God, she was beautiful! I knew her, I knew them all. Nanetti took me to see the girl before he married her. His was the first studio she had knocked at. And then his later days at Winchelsea, and how it was he who had written the sonnets that everybody ascribed to Redmayne. Those closing years were awful. The son, always cadging for money and swearing to reform—'on his honour as an artist'; and the father groping in the dark for Mary Dyce. She made him, after all. Those faces that he put on canvas were always hers, or what he saw when he reached out for her in that last period. People called him mad; but I knew where the trouble lay. I was with him when he died—myself and the son. . . . And now I had sold him, lock, stock, and barrel for twenty guineas! 'Some novel art topic,' we called it. It was that; but when it was over, I had written my tragedy; something Sophoclean—the pity and terror of it all! Can you understand?"

I nodded eagerly, and he proceeded:

"Inhuman you may call me—perhaps I was—but let that pass. I have done nothing like it. No, it wasn't for the money! A child could see that. I have done nothing like it, in fact or in fiction, in prose or in verse, in England or America. It was a subject; and I struck it full, deeply enough, broadly enough to satisfy and surprise myself. I gasped at the thing when it was over. 'This will live,' I said. I had notions of printing it off and pasting the town with it. The *Woman of Fashion* could not hold it! In fact, for several hours I admired myself so hugely that, to avoid further temptation, I put 'Nanetti' into a registered envelope and sent him to Lola Gamble. Ten pages—it was nearer twenty than ten!"

He produced the second letter now, unfolded it, and cleared his throat.

"Act 11," I said.

"Precisely," was the answer.

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The second letter was before him, and he read it aloud:

DEAR MR. LUTTERWORTH,

"Nanetti" has come. Why did you make it so good? It is hopelessly clever.

It is longer than I expected, and will run in two numbers instead of one. I will let you have the proofs at once.

I shall have pleasure in sending you a cheque for £21 (which I believe was the price agreed on—if not, kindly let me know) during the first week of next month.

Yours very truly,
LOLA GAMBLE.

"Business-like, eh?" and Lutterworth laid the letter aside and continued *viva voce*:

"On the same day and from the fair Lola's private address, I received an invitation to take tea with her the following Sunday. I scarcely saw the necessity for this, but I went. Her note—her two notes were—well, what shall I call it—rather flattering? And I was youngish, and the connection was worth an effort. Twenty guineas was a sum and there might be more to follow. I put on my newest suit and went. Lola was quite alone in a discreetly lighted drawing-room. I can't tell you exactly what happened—nothing happened, to be precise—but I came away with the notion that I was expected to kiss Lola. She said nothing, she did nothing, nothing that would actually point to that interpretation—but—you're a man, I presume, and can supply the hiatus. As I was leaving, she said, 'I hope we shall print some more of your clever essays—and they mustn't be quite so—quite so deep in future. "Nanetti" is too good for us really.'

"Now why did she say 'we,' and why did she say 'us'? I remember her words distinctly, and the emphasis, and the handshake, and the ghost of a threat under the velvet. They were like young Nanetti's forgeries—nobody could prove them. Have you ever played with a tiger—a tiger on its best behaviour—it must feel like that. 'Too good for us'—the phrase made common ground; it was cleverly managed—you could take it or leave it; its imperceptible baseness existed—or did not exist. 'A fancy!' you may say? Well, I believe in fancies.

"She asked me again for the following Sunday. I pleaded an engagement. I wasn't squeamish in those days—but one draws a line. What is it—self-respect—or pride? There is no need to labour the thing. It was *impossible*. The last week of the month she sent me a stall for the opera—she had so many, she said. I gave it to a friend and he sat next to Lola Gamble for an act. She left, at ten, quietly, without a sign—young Nanetti all over again. January ended and the first week of February. My twenty guineas did not come; and she had been so explicit on that point.

"I wrote for them. No answer. A week later I wrote again. I was working on 'The Redeemers' at the time, and novels cost money to write. You earn nothing till they are done, and I had run it pretty fine. And then there was 'Nanetti'—that had cost me three weeks as well. Yes, I had a conscience at the beginning—but little cash."

"At the end of February I wrote again—a blunt one, this time—an awful blunt one. I was pawning things then. 'The Redeemers' was all but finished, and the twenty guineas would have seen me through. I had counted on them, I had run into debt at my lodgings, and now it was pawning day. I let Lola have it. And this is what happened——"

He produced the third and last letter as he spoke, and declaimed as under:

The Editor of *The Woman of Fashion* begs to acknowledge Mr. Lutterworth's three notes, and to say that if Mr. Lutterworth cannot wait for payment for his article "Nanetti" until it is attended to in the ordinary course of business, the Editor will be very happy to return the MS. at once.

"Of course you sent for it!" I exclaimed.

"No—not at all. How could I?" asked Lutterworth. "I owed rent, my watch and pin were in pawn, and 'The Redeemers' wanted five more chapters. I had to swallow it. . . . But, all the same, I had her fast. Delightful illusion! I quoted letter No. 2 to her, with its written engagement to pay 'during the first week of next month.' I mentioned my solicitors. I chuckled as I posted this—and came home to find her Company's cheque for twenty guineas! Had she relented? That evening I sent her a most charming note, cashed the cheque, and returned to 'The Redeemers.'"

"Next month my book was finished and I was affluent. I dined out several times, and once I took in Lola Gamble. She was brilliant as ever and wonderfully civil—but dangerous. I had flattered myself that *I* had 'scored' in our little encounter; yet, somehow she reflected a subtle suggestion to the contrary. Again one could not prove it. There was something feline and serpentine about that woman—a quality difficult to express, more difficult to seize on and attack. You may have met the type?"

I had. "It's in the thirties as a rule," was my reply.

"When one meets it—yes," said Lutterworth. . . . "I walked home surmising dangers," he pursued; "and at last I struck the truth. She had bought 'Nanetti' and I had cashed her cheque. 'Nanetti' was, therefore, hers, to deal with as she liked—and 'Nanetti' has disappeared. A clever woman, but what our friend, Tom Hardy, calls 'a bee.'"

"You kept a copy, though?" I interposed.

"No; that was the difficulty. I told you of my impulse—how, to avoid further temptation, I put 'Nanetti' into a registered envelope and sent him off. I have had no more impulses since then!"

I looked round the ordered study in which we sat, and now I understood its neatness.

"You think she stuck to it!"

"I think she burnt it—she couldn't very well burn me, you see."

"But you wrote a second article?" I ventured.

"That was impossible. How could I recapture that first fine careless rapture?" he laughed. "I tried; but the memory of number one came in between. It daunted me."

I mentioned Carlyle and his second "French Revolution."

"But it was not his best; his discovery, his revelation, his virgin soil! . . . . And 'Nanetti,' as I told you, was all that; was your 'topmost blossom'; was absolutely and irretrievably the best thing I ever wrote."

A YOUNG HOPELESS.

"O, Jacky, you bad boy, you're teasing that poor cat again, you shan't have your pocket money this week."

"All right, I don't care, I'll go tick—like Daddy."

THE BYSTANDER SUPPLEMENT.

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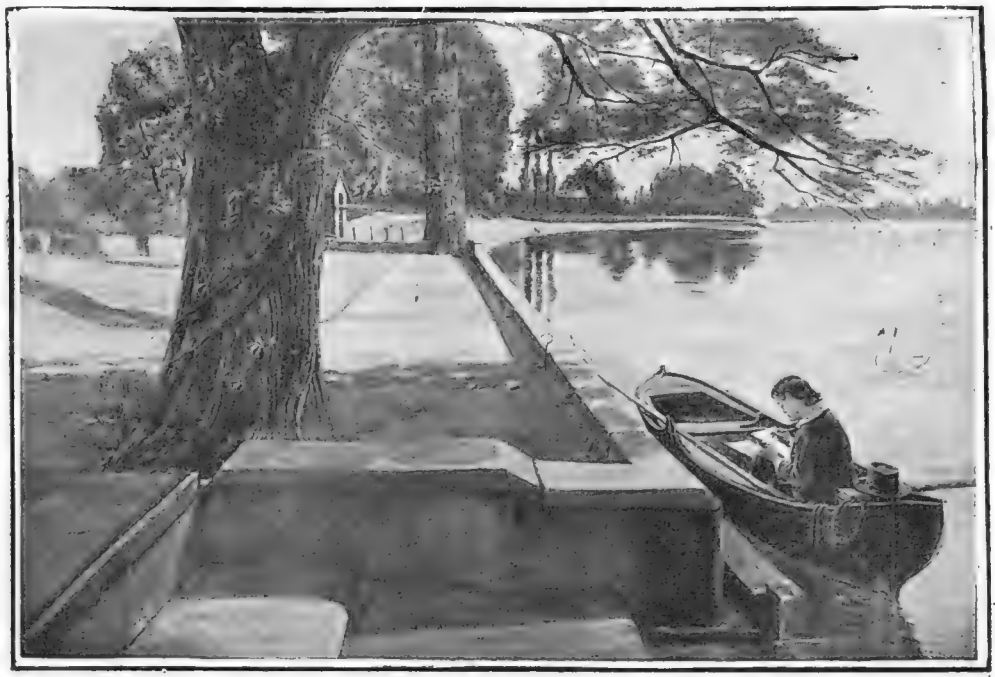
ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES 1904

"IN THE WIZARD'S GARDEN," BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A.



"SHELLEY AT MARLOW," BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.
After the completion of his "Revolt of Islam," Shelley, while staying at Marlow, wrote a dedication of it "To Mary"—his wife

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," BY THE HON. J. COLLIER
Portraits of Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Tree, and Mrs. Kendal
(By permission of H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.)

THE RIGHT HON. EARL CADOGAN, K.G., P.C.

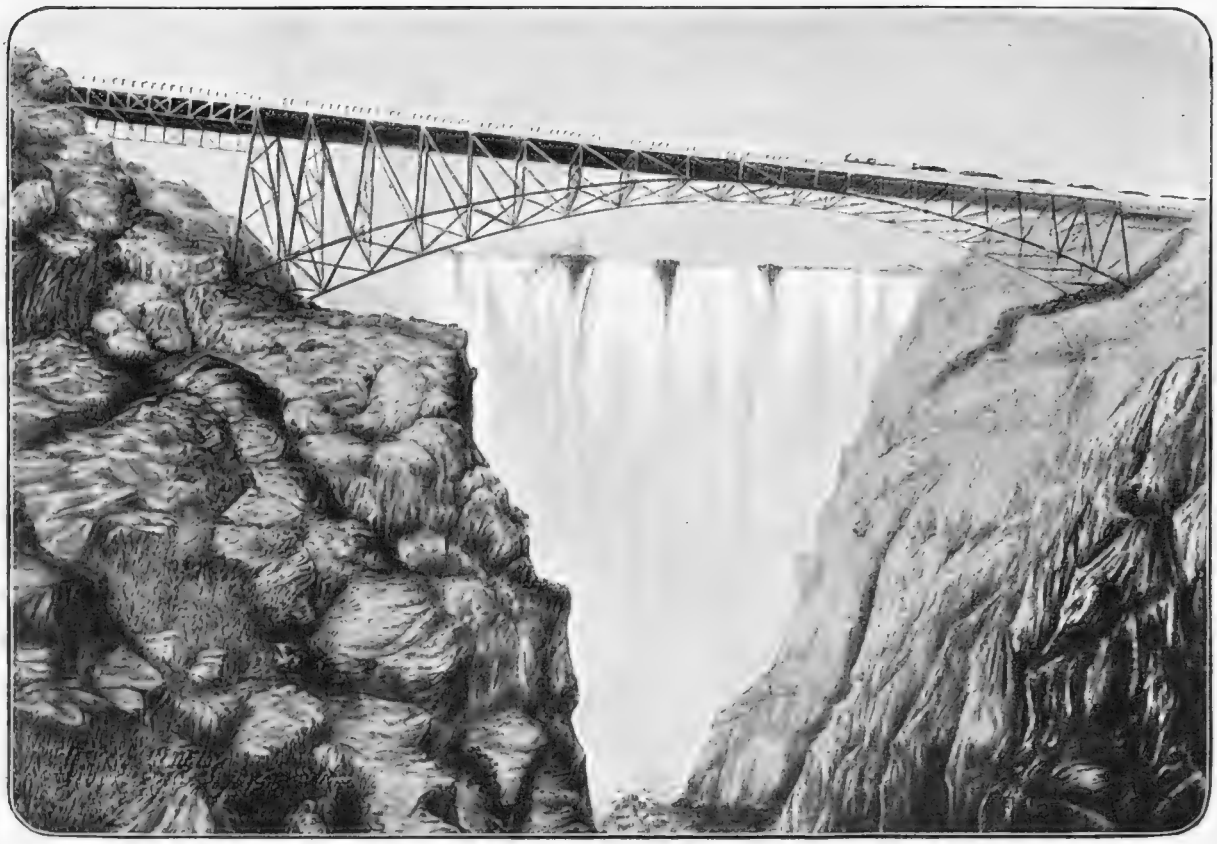
BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

"OLGA: A PORTRAIT," BY T. C. GOTCH

"CHATHAM REACH," BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

"A RESCUE AT DAWN," BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

THE CAPE TO CAIRO LINE REACHES VICTORIA FALLS

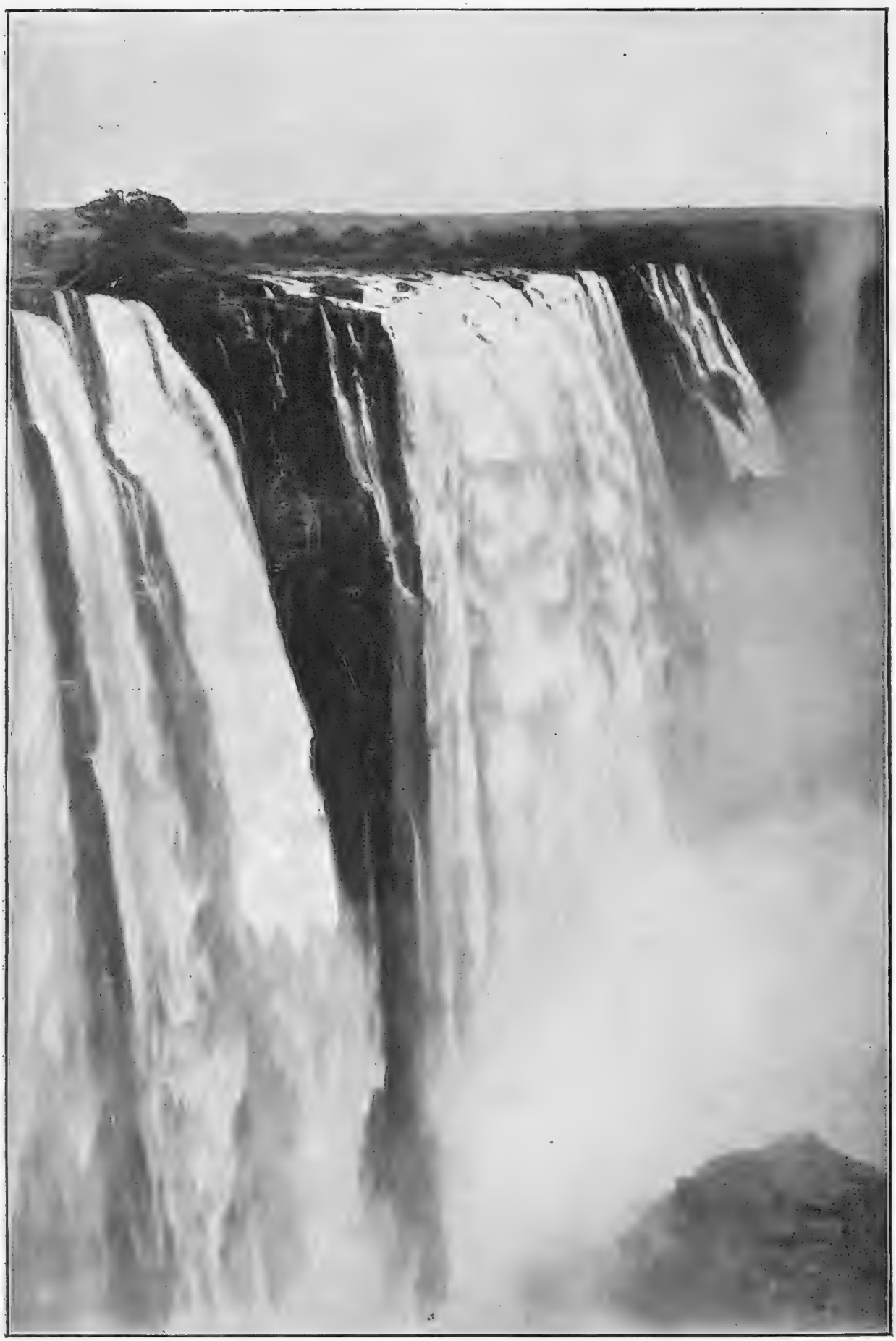


The Proposed Bridge by which the Cape to Cairo Line will Cross the Zambesi River

The Cape to Cairo line, the construction of which was one of the great ambitions of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, has at last reached Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River, 1,633 miles from Cape Town. These Falls are caused by the Zambesi river, which is a mile wide at this point, plunging, as our illustration shows, over a rocky precipice 420 feet in height. This immense volume of water finds its only outlet in the narrow gorge which the proposed bridge will span as shown. The spot is known as the "boiling-pot," and is the narrowest part on the great Zambesi River

The Gorge Below the Falls

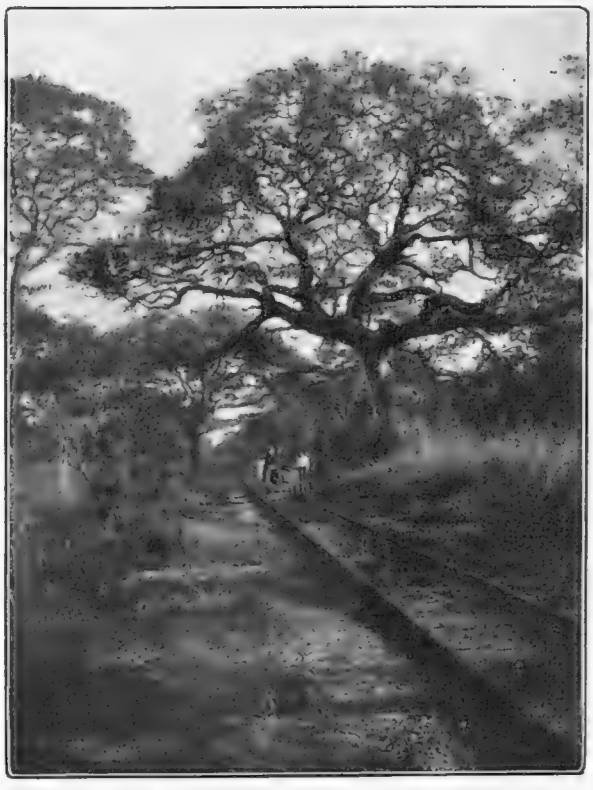
After the river has surged with a deafening roar through its narrow escape channel, it rushes precipitously through a series of four gigantic, zigzag troughs, the sides of which are over 400 feet in height. Our photo shows the river swirling along what must surely be the most wonderful river-bed in the world



A Portion of the Great Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River

Although the volume of water pouring over these Falls is not so large as at Niagara, their superior height and breadth render them more magnificent. The Falls seen in our illustration are 420 feet high, while similar falls range themselves along for a whole mile

The Last Stretch of Line Before the Falls



A Pretty Piece of Country near Buluwayo on the Gwelo

The completion of the railway south-westwards from Salisbury to Buluwayo, a distance of 300 miles, will open up a large part of Southern Rhodesia, and afford means of easy and cheap transport to the various centres for farm produce. The whole of Southern Rhodesia is well watered and adapted for stock raising and agriculture. Market-gardening, combined with dairy-farming, is a remunerative industry. In several districts —notably Salisbury, Buluwayo, Victoria, and Umtali—the cultivation of fruit has been attended with remarkable success. In fact, Southern Rhodesia offers as fair a prospect as any land for the intending settler

A Village Scene Close to the Victoria Falls

Work on the Cape to Cairo line is varied by occasional afternoons devoted to the sport most affected by Englishmen. On these occasions the native population make a most interested and appreciative audience

A Fishing Excursion

SCENES ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER NEAR THE FALLS

Christened by Vasco da Gama the "River of Good Signs," the Zambesi ranks with the Congo and the Nile as a means of communication with the interior of Africa. It is between 1,550 and 1,600 miles in length, and drains more than half a million miles of territory. With occasional interruptions, it is navigable to Victoria Falls. For about two-thirds of its length the Zambesi flows through British territory

WHAT HAPPENS IN BOOKS

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT

"I'm sorry it's over," she said. "It's been such fun." She laughed softly. "Such fun! Oh, you don't know."

He glanced at her a little uneasily in the gloom. They were standing under the trees, and there was no one near. He slipped his arm round her, and kissed her.

"Are you really sorry, darling?" he said.

She laughed again.

"Yes, dreadfully. To-morrow it'll be all cleared up——"

"Cleared up?"

She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees.

"Yes. Come, I'll tell you all about it . . . Who's that?"

He peered at two figures in light dresses vanishing in front of him.

"Miss Vining, and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."

She laughed again.

"Miss Vining! . . . . Oh, it's too lovely!"

He glanced at her suspiciously once more.

"Too lovely—what's too lovely? I thought Miss Vining was a great friend of yours?"

"So she is. Don't you think it's very nice for me to have a friend like Mamie Vining—such a *rich* friend—to take me about and be nice to me?"

"I suppose so," he said, without enthusiasm. "She's very rich—of course."

"Immensely! Money's nothing to her. She's a dear, too—a real dear," she added affectionately.

He did not answer. The subject seemed to embarrass him.

"At least," she amended, "she is, you know, only—I'm getting mixed. But I must tell you to-night, somehow."

"What?"

She patted his arm softly with her fingers.

"I should like to have kept it a secret until the last moment," she said, "until I—I had to give you a wedding-present, you know." He winced under the light touch of her fingers. "Why are you squirming about like that, Dick? I shall *have* to give you a wedding present. It's quite the proper thing. Bride to Bridegroom—a for——" She broke off with a little triumphant smile. "I'm not sure I can tell you—it's so delicious to think you don't know."

He was silent for a moment. She was really very puzzling—and distractingly pretty. He bent and kissed her again.

She looked up suddenly.

"You do care—don't you, Dick?" she said. "You do really care?"

. . .

"I care more than anything in the world," he said earnestly. . . After all, there was time to break it off quietly before . . .

"Yes, I know you do," she said softly. "That's why I'm going to tell you. You see, we were great friends always, and one of us was rich, and one of us was poor: and the one that was rich decided to come to England, and take the one that was poor with her."

"Yes?" he said incomprehensively as she paused.

"Well, you know, in books, when there are two girls like that, they play a trick. . . . . At least, they did in a book we were reading just then."

"What trick?" he said, with growing uneasiness.

"They change places. The rich girl takes the poor girl's place, and——"

His quick movement startled her. She looked up, but it was too dark to see his face clearly.

"What's the matter, Dick?"

"Nothing," he said, in an odd voice. "Go on."

"And I said, 'Oh, do let us do that,' and she didn't mind—she said it would be rather fun. So we did."

"Did what?" he said desperately.

"Changed places—what a dear old stupid you are! Changed names. *I'm* Mamie Vining."

There was a dead silence. The man's face wore an indescribable expression—if she could have seen it.

"Do you mind my having such a lot of money?" she said. "I know you don't think much of money—you've said so more than once. Don't you remember what you said about people who marry for money? Well, you won't marry me for mine, at any rate."

There was a light step behind. They turned, to find the girl who was not Mamie Vining standing beside them.

Her friend held out her hand to her.

"Oh, Helen, I want to tell you—I want you to be the first to know," she said. "I'm engaged to Dick. Will you congratulate us, please?"

Helen stood still and looked at them. There was a great pity in her eyes.

"No," she said slowly, "I don't think I will."

Mamie Vining stared.

"Why not?"

Her friend put an arm round her, and drew her away from the man who stood motionless under the shadow of the trees.

"Because Mr. Vane proposed to me this afternoon," she said, "and I was fool enough to—to accept him. Forgive me, Mamie—I didn't know. You needn't mind it—it was the money he wanted—not me."

"You did that?" she said. "Oh, Dick—you did that? You were playing with me: and all the time you didn't mean anything?"

"I loved you," he said desperately.

"And you meant to marry her." . . . She put out her hands with a sudden gesture of dismissal, of farewell. "Please go," she said. "It's all you can do—*please* go?"

. . . . . .

"It was my fault," she said to Helen, when he had gone. "It was a trick, after all—it wasn't fair. But in a book . . . ."

"They manage things better in books," said the girl who was not Mamie Vining.

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

La Garde Meurt et Ne Se Rend Pas

The saying attributed to Cambronne at Waterloo, which has its apocryphal counterpart in the Iron Duke's "Up guards and at 'em," might well be applied to the great veterans of golf. Meeting after meeting lately has gone to show that the old guard are very far from dying, and are not only not surrendering, but adding one victory after another to the countless successes achieved by them in the past. Horace Hutchinson, Johnny Laidlay, John Ball, Mure Fergusson, Arnold Blyth, these, with the younger veteran, "Bobby" Maxwell, are the names we have seen recorded lately in the papers as the winners of various tournaments and medals at home and abroad. Suppose some golfing Rip van Winkle had gone through the long sleep and had awakened to find these names, he would be as incredulous as the Dutchman of the lapse of years since the fatal night on the Catskills. "Why," we may imagine him exclaiming, "these are the same men who were winning all the competitions when I fell asleep, and you don't think I am going to believe you when you say I have been sleeping for twenty years; they couldn't possibly have kept it up so long." But they have kept it up, and seem likely to keep it up for some time to come. Nay, do we not hear of dear old "Tom" accomplishing his rounds at St. Andrews in figures which many a younger man would be proud to achieve? Impatient and inexperienced critics have deduced from their observation of this fact the judgment that golf is not a first-class game in the sense of cricket, football, and the many other games requiring, as a *sine quâ non*, the activity and agility of early youth. But, though the nature of the game, which admits of its being played with greater deliberation than any other game, goes some way to explain the fact I am discussing, yet it does not go the whole way. Youth must be served, of course, and, *ceteris paribus*, the brilliant young player must have his day, and eventually oust his elder rival. But that elder rival clings on in an extraordinary manner, and at each succeeding championship it takes a very wise prophet to predict with any assurance whether the winner will come from the younger ranks or from the old guard. I take it that the explanation lies, in great part, in the fact that golf can be played, as the Americans say, "all the time." Year in and year out, in spring, summer, and winter the golfer goes his rounds, and keeps his muscles and limbs supple, his eye and hand in, and is not forced, like the cricketer or footballer, to lie fallow for six months of each year. It takes very bad weather indeed to keep the golfer from the links, and only a heavy fall of snow renders the pursuit of his game impossible. As the reformed cricketer said, "What I like about golf is that you are always in." Not only are you always in, but the game is always in, and so the great golfers do not notice the *labentes anni*, and behave themselves on the links in amazingly youthful fashion, not even allowing the existence of a grandson to prevent them from gaily winning the Amateur Championship.

Photo by **Irish Bar v. English Bar at Formby** *Baker and Dixon*

Mr. Cecil Barcroft, driving for Ireland from the sixth tee

Irish Bar v. English Bar at Formby
Mr. Mansfield Hunter, joint Hon. Secretary Bar Golfing Association, driving from the sixth tee

The Bar Golfing Society

Of golfing associations we may say, "The cry is still they come." One of the latest additions is the Bar Golfing Society, which held a tournament a little time back at Deal. Latterly the lawyers have been having a little fight among themselves, that is to say the English and Irish Bar have been trying a fall with each other at Formby, one of the best of the many excellent courses in the Liverpool district. The result was that the Irishmen left their wigs on the green, the Englishmen proving too strong for them. But the rivals joined forces, and turned their united strength on the Formby Club whom they defeated pretty heavily, justifying the old, oft-misquoted saying, "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war."

Mr. H. W. Beveridge

Among the representatives of the English side the two most eminent players were H. W. Beveridge and T. M. Hunter. Mr. Beveridge's long driving, I see it reported, was one of the features of these matches, and with my recollection of his performance in this respect last year at Muirfield, I am not surprised at this. He is a very fine player indeed, as he well proved by defeating such a formidable opponent as Mr. Hilton, by three and two, and by only succumbing to the ultimate winner, Mr. Maxwell, by the same figures in the next round. He is certainly one of the rising lights among the younger men, and ought to do well this year at Sandwich, as his driving powers will stand him in good stead there.

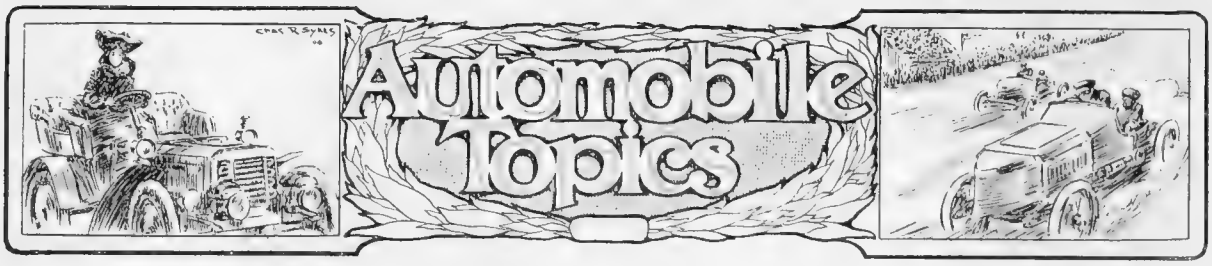
Mr. Mansfield Hunter

Mr. Mansfield Hunter, like his brother, Mr. Norman Hunter, of whom I wrote a few weeks ago, learned the game at North Berwick, and, like all North Berwick players, is particularly good at the short game. Though not possessing the abnormal length of his brother, he makes up for this by greater accuracy. But the distinguishing feature of his game is his short iron play. The old cramped North Berwick course produced the finest set of iron players of our generation, and many people, from this point of view, regret its disappearance, as they doubt whether the present extended course will form as good a school for iron play as the old one. In any case, Mr. Mansfield Hunter worthily carries on the great North Berwick traditions, the foremost exponent of which is, of course, the unrivalled "Johnny" Laidlay. When I first played at North Berwick the course had only just been extended beyond the first wall, and it was the holes between these walls which formed such a test of iron shots. A little later the course was still further extended, but was still found too short, and finally received its present shape, making it one of the best and largest courses in Scotland. It has the added charm of lying alongside of some of the most delightful marine scenery on the East coast. Was it not at North Berwick that the irate golfer remarked, on having his attention called to the charming surroundings, "Oh, hang the scenery, I've come to play golf"?

Ernest Lehmann

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

Irish Bar v. English Bar at Formby
In the rough towards the tenth hole



Trials

A suggestion has been made in the *Automobile Club Journal* that the next series of trials may be restricted to cars costing not more than £200. This appears almost too sensible to be true, but if the idea ever materialised, the interest awakened in the bosom of the public would be indeed profound. The late processions organised by the Club in the autumn, of vehicles costing from £1,000 down to £150, all jumbled together into a dismal and dusty promenade around the Southern counties every day for a week, aroused but feelings of sorrow and pity in all beholders as they solemnly filed along in clouds of dust, at twelve miles an hour, day after day. My humble opinion is that reliability trials have had their day. One never hears now of reliability trials for broughams, let alone for bicycles. The motor-car is now a practical reality. Simplicity is really what is more generally needed.

Motor-Car v. Brick Wall

Owing to the peculiar stepped construction of the radiator, the water circulated just as well after the collision as before

Sideslip

The results of the trials of non-skidding devices as fitted to pneumatic tyres will be received with considerable interest. It is hardly likely that a fabric built up of steel points or discs in conjunction with rubber will wear for long. Some simple device will probably carry off the palm, but until the difficulty *is* solved, the motor-car is not complete.

Anti-Honeycomb

Perhaps there will be but little objection to the statement that in the matter of automobile accessories the public is more greatly concerned with their reasonable behaviour on the road than as to their great and glorious qualities as described in the catalogue of the manufacturer. In this connection a study of the annexed photograph is not without interest and it was taken after the car had charged a wall, this mishap being due to a side slip, and as a result nothing happened. The engine was protected from injury by the peculiar stepped construction of the radiator, in which the water circulated just as well after the injury as before—and the car was driven 100 miles to the Wolseley works, to be put right in the condition as shown. Had this cooler been of the honeycomb variety no temporary repair could have been effected, badly as it would have been needed. A decided leak, such as must always ensue from any such accident would, in a radiator of such a type, be almost beyond repair altogether. In the cooling system what is wanted is a practical, reliable concern, which will go on working even if it does get bent, and this is arrived at by the employment of copper piping with simple flanges affixed.

Blackmail

Here is an anecdote regarding a friend of mine who has just purchased a car from one of our best-known English makers, who, with the vehicle, sent a mechanic to teach the new owner to drive. This worthy commenced operations without loss of time, and, as he could not well actually damage any of the machinery, advised the purchase of almost every part of it in duplicate, "in case of accidents occurring," and he was to be the intermediary in procuring it. A complete set of inner tubes, with two outer covers, would be desirable—he would order petrol and oil, and would even be so kind as to effect the insurance of the car. In fact, from the hour he arrived with the car until the moment when, on my advice, he was abruptly required to depart whence he came, he was simply "on the make" for the whole time. Buyers should always resent this attempt at imposition. From accounts one hears from time to time, it appears that the unscrupulous *chauffeur* levies almost indiscriminate blackmail upon sellers in the form of commissions, and on owners in the form of swindling suggestions for the utterly unnecessary spending of money. The supply of drivers is even now greatly in excess of the demand, and there is, in reality, no

need for anyone to be imposed upon for the very least amount.

Speed in Holland

The Dutch appear at last to be awakening from their stupor in the matter of automobile legislation, and the Minister of Commerce and Industry has recently presented a measure to the States-General, which does not appear to err on the side of illiberality. Its provisions are that a licence must, as with us, be obtained by all drivers, and it is only to be refused in the case of persons under age or who have forfeited their rights by convictions. Speed is merely limited to forty kilometres per hour, with a recommendation to moderate it in populous places. The Hollanders evidently place greater reliance on the commonsense of motor-car drivers than the legislature does in other countries not so far away from home. As a matter of fact, the speed craze, except in the case of an unimportant but noisy handful, is fizzling out all the world over, to the great benefit of the industry and to the satisfaction of the general public.

A Correction

A little while back, while the "Social Juggernaut" discussion in the Press was in its prime, I ventured to offer the suggestion that what the poor lunatics who were then engaged in tearing madly up and down the country at forty miles an hour really needed was, that their friends should apply an ice bag to the nape of the neck and also administer ten grains of bromide of potassium, in fact, *fiat mist., ter in die sumend.* I have now received a letter from a very eminent practitioner, who assures me that one drachm every four hours is the better way to exhibit this drug, and that the ice, in the form of a large block, should be rubbed on the spine of the unfortunate sufferer. Relatives whose duty it may be to help to sooth over-excited road hogs will kindly note the increase of bromide required, and if the employment of this treatment is to be of any avail at all, really large doses are necessitated for the patient in most instances.

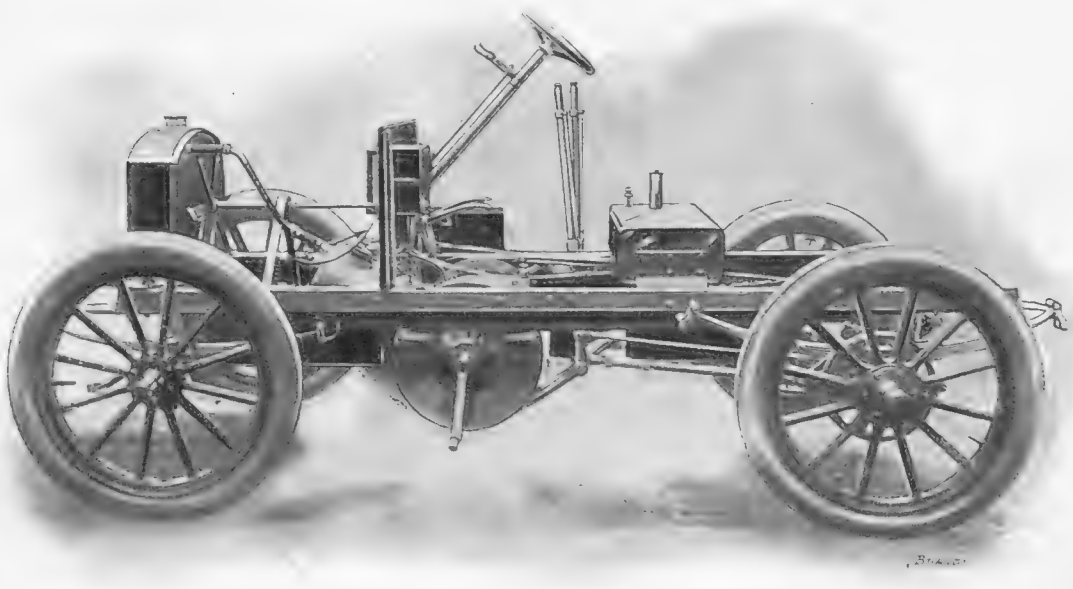
Dodderings from Dover

In the matter of the application of a speed limit for towns, the summit of foolishness would almost appear to have been touched by the Dover Corporation. Trams apparently travel with impunity at the rate of thirteen miles an hour on occasion in this Borough (the legal limit being eight) and so it is proposed that it should be a criminal offence to drive a motor-car at the speed of ten. A good place to stop away from—Dover.

Motobloc

The distinguishing characteristic of this motor is that the usual cylinder position is departed from, and it is placed neither in the usual vertical nor horizontal plane, but, as in the case of the "Belle," a one-time very satisfactory vehicle, is *inclined*, as it is often found on motor cycles. The chief advantages claimed, on which it is unnecessary to dilate, are that the vibration is no longer "up and down," and, as a matter of fact, the steering wheel hardly gives any tremor at all, even when the engine is racing hard. The great point, however, is the extraordinary accessibility of the cranks, which, merely by opening the lid of the case covering them in, are exposed to the light of day. It developes about 1,000 revolutions per minute, and the transmission is by a single chain to live axle, the clutch being mounted sideways on the intermediate shaft, much in the same manner as in the Wolseley and Siddeley cars. It almost appears to me that this is a 12-horse vehicle for which many of us are waiting, and I hope, later on, to go into its potentialities and particular details at some little length, after due opportunities have been afforded of observing its behaviour on the road.

C. G. Matson.



The Motobloc 12 h.-p. Chassis with Inclined Cylinder to Lessen Vibration

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SPRING SHOW

Arrival of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Accompanied by the Duchess and the Princesses

Photos by *D'Arcy*

Mr. R. G. Cardew's Hunter Stallion

First prize and special prize. Hunters' Improvement Society

HELD AT BALLS BRIDGE, DUBLIN

Major M. C. Fortescue's Yearling Shorthorn Bull, "Sterling Coin," Winner of First Prize in his Class

The Duke of Leinster's Kerry Bull, First Prizewinner of his Breed at the Dublin Show

The Play in London

Mr. R. C. Carton is a fortunate dramatist. He has what may be best described as an actress on the hearth, and that actress a feminine Wyndham. Miss Compton is not by any means the mercurial Wyndham of our youth, but she is the Wyndham of our later days — the tolerant, all-wise, sentimentalist of *The Liars*, *The Physician*, *Mrs. Dane*, and a host of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays. Mr. Carton has been clever enough to see that if the public likes to watch a shrewd, confident, kindly man managing a pack of women and of fools (by fools I mean men) they may also like to see a woman managing a pack of rudderless men, and if any woman was created by nature to carry through this task that woman was Miss Compton. She hides a kind heart under a "horsey" exterior, an inflexible will under a fascinating drawl. She has a million at the bank, and motherly instincts. With this combination what is there that you may not do?

As "The Rich Mrs. Repton" at the Duke of York's she elects to turn part of her house in Belgravia into a club or home for the rudderless men above alluded to, and when a woman, and a rich woman, sets out to let her kindly instincts run riot over feeble man she will stop at no lengths. I say this because she calls a syndicate out of the vasty deep to finance a play written by Paul Rance, otherwise Mr. Dion Boucicault, and offers to pay the whole of Mr. A. E. Matthew's gambling debts, the said debts amounting to the modest total of £15,000. Mr. Matthews, I should mention, is Lord Charles Dorchester in the play—a nobleman with gambling proclivities, combined with a tendency to listen to the maunderings of hysterical married women. However, nothing comes amiss to Miss Compton Repton. She is as ready to pay gambling debts as to circumvent blackmailers (for the hysterical lady has a blackmailing husband), and she never rests until villainy is worsted and Lord Charles is safe in the arms of a charming young thing. The only pity is that, like the poor lion in the arena, there is no Christian for her. She vanishes out of the play at the finish wrapped in memories of the departed Jack Repton, the original owner of the million.

To me, Miss Compton is always a delight. She skilfully avoids sentiment, and yet her neat, incisive manner never makes you feel that here is a woman without heart. The tame men, whom she keeps in the club in the basement of her house like an assortment of cats purring on the hearthrug, I should have thought would, one and all, have fallen in love with her—not with her banking account; but no; they prefer a rather insipid sweet seventeen, attired in ravishing white, all, by the way, except Mr. Eric Lewis, who, as "Fluffy" Kempshaw, is far too much in love with himself to immolate himself on the altar of another. I should not call *The Rich Mrs. Repton* a great play, but it is full of neat, amusing dialogue, and it is almost brilliantly acted.

I looked in on Saturday night to see how Messrs. Fenn and Pryce's *Saturday to Monday* was progressing at the St. James's, and found a full house enjoying it vastly. Whatever the faults of the play it is wholly to the taste of the audiences, and it is rattled through to increasing laughter. An "irresponsible comedy" which, I take it, is the polite name for a farce, it is full of quaint situations and amusing dialogue, and as the actors have now thoroughly caught the spirit of the thing, it goes with infinite zest. I did not go, though, so much to see *Saturday to Monday* as to see *Op o' Me Thumb*, by the same authors, which now nightly precedes the longer play, and is undoubtedly the more noteworthy piece of the two. Its mingling of comedy and tragedy, freshness and genuine pathos, are delightful, and I should not have believed, without seeing it, that so much drama could have been extracted from the love story of a forlorn little laundry girl and the shirt of her "fairy prince." Her "fairy prince," by the way, is only an honest, commonplace coster, admirably played by Mr. Nye Chart. It is Miss Hilda Trevelyan's exquisite imagination which endows him with such wonderful attributes, but, until you have seen Miss Trevelyan's performance —a performance which almost amounts to genius— you are not competent to say anything about the play or the actress. After a long course of playing at the tiny Strand Theatre, she did not seem to me to have quite got the range of so large a house as the St. James's, but her "Amanda Afflick" is nevertheless a triumph, and the authors are to be congratulated, both on having given her so good a chance, and on having selected her when they cast their play. Paris papers are not too prone to praise English plays, but when I read this in the *Figaro* I expected much and was not disappointed:

> *Op o' Me Thumb* est un chef-d'œuvre d'observation et d'émotion profondément humaine, dont tout Londres parlera demain. Cette simple et touchante histoire d'une petite blanchisseuse que personne n'aime est un drame poignant qui vaut toutes les pièces mondaines à thèse de la saison.

I have not had an opportunity before to say anything about Mr. Philip Carr's production of Congreve's *Way of the World* at the Court Theatre. It was so interesting a production that I hope we may see it revived. It is true it confirmed my opinion that the play is one for the study rather than for the stage, and I never marvel that it was a failure when first produced, but its dialogue is wonderful, and I am wholly with Mr. George Meredith in his opinion of Lady Wishfort (superbly played, by the way, by Mrs. Theodore Wright, an actress of whom we see far too little) The surprise of the evening, though, was Miss Ethel Irving's Mrs. Millamant. It was a piece of charming comedy, neat and delightful, with a touch of something almost amounting to genius. Young and charming comedy actresses are all too scarce, and Miss Irving should have a great future. Mr. Carr is much to be congratulated on the production, and only those who know something of the stage can appreciate the difficulties he must have had to overcome, and the admirable manner in which he overcame them.

"'OP O' ME THUMB" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AND MR. NYE CHART IN MESSRS. FENN AND PRYCE'S PLAY

Amanda Afflick is a workhouse child, the drudge and butt of a Soho laundry. She builds herself a dream life out of penny novelettes, spins romances to her companions about a fairy prince who is one day coming to claim her, and thinks that he has really come in the person of a young coster, Horace Greensmith, who some time previously left a shirt to be washed. No child was ever watched over more carefully than this shirt is watched over by poor little Amanda, and when its callous owner calls for it she pours out her heart to him. He listens to her pathetic confidences and laughs, then, half contemptuous, half pitying the forlorn little orphan, he gives her a tawdry pin as a souvenir and offers to take her out on Bank Holiday. At first she is wild with joy, then she sees that he is really ashamed of being seen with her, and refuses the offer. Some comprehension of the tragedy at last comes to Horace, and he gives Amanda a kiss—her first and last kiss—and she is left broken-hearted. In its realism and combination of comedy and tragedy "Op o' me Thumb" stands almost unrivalled.

"What's that crape for?"

"I'll get a trap and take you to 'Ampstead. Shall I?"

"'Ere you are. Gold pin, diamond mounted, encrusted with rubies"

"Give us that kiss I asked you for"

Photos by permission of Stage Pictorial Publishing Co.

Mrs. Murphy Enjoys a Quiet Pipe in the Doorway of her Cabin

A Typical Irish Cabin

English sportsmen who do not mind roughing it and can live in a cabin generally get some good shooting and fishing; better, as a rule, than in the hotels, as they are right on the spot and in touch with the very people who are "in the know"

WITH THE KING IN IRELAND: HOMESTEADS IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS

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THE RACE FOR THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS AT NEWMARKET

The Finish: Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's "St. Amant" (K. Cannon Up) Wins Without Trouble

The winner, who started favourite at 11 to 4 against, remained unchallenged throughout the race, and passed the post four lengths ahead of "John o' Gaunt'

"St. Amant," after Winning the Two Thousand Guineas, is Led Home by His Stable Companion, "Kuntsler"

The Meet on Leintwardine Bridge

The Find

He is Induced to Bolt

The Stickle is Manned

The Worry

The Kill

Photos by *Griffith Williams*

OPENING MEET OF THE HAWKSTONE OTTER HOUNDS, AT LEINTWARDINE, HEREFORDSHIRE

Academy Notes

The last Academy elections have, perhaps, had less effect on the exhibition than one expected, and expectations that this was to be an Academy of surprises, of strength in new places, readjusting the usual accents, prove baseless. The accents of the exhibition are quite customary. One expects the keen accent of Sargent, sensitive inflection of colour by Orchardson, Tadema's surfaces, and Abbey's gestures and habits. There is no surprise in a Poynter, or a Richmond, or a Waterhouse, and among the landscape painters the bad or good idea of their art quite prepares one for the actual pictures. Perhaps Mr. Clausen comes nearest to surprising one, though because it is less in advance of his former images of morning and the sunlit dust of the road, and the slow procession of cattle, one should not omit notice of Mr. Arnesby Brown's "The Bridge." Mr. Clausen has handled before, the low fires of sunset, and the smoky forms of trees, robbed of colours and of texture by the blurring mists, but he has never won so close as in "Willow-trees at Sunset," to the transient moment of beauty that is undeclared in terms either of the splendid day or of the night. And this accomplishment of the burnt-out beauty of the low sky, faintly interrupted by the trees beyond the meadow, and of the near dark trees, trailing their misted forms above the pool that holds colour remotely from the upper sky, is only one of Mr. Clausen's discoveries. In "Gleaners Coming Home," as in the lapsed sunset, he presses nearer to a former idea of beauty. One has felt sometimes that his way to discovery of form was barred by the imposition of Millet's statuesque symbols of labour on his sight of labouring men and women. The growing attentiveness to sunshine, often in full extremity, as it is seen from within shady places, differentiated his intention from that of Millet. But his gestures of labour still failed to convince as a report of race and occupation. In the women and girls that carry their bundles under the trees, this imposition of an ideal on the material is not apparent. As the sunlight transmutes their white bundles into beauty, as the print frocks and fresh faces yield themselves to the influence of the leaf-thrown light and shade, so the adjustment of gait and pose to the bearing of the bundles is translated into significant form.

Discrimination of a specially delightful quality in things resolves Mr. Orchardson's art, too. Mr. Clausen comes to it in a moment when bright day is lost, or when a magic of sunlight gets through green leaves. Mr. Orchardson finds it in the hues of Aubusson carpets, in satinwood furniture, in a bit of pink china, or a blue vase. "The Lyric" is really the picture of an old Dutch piano, with its harp-shaped case above the yellowed key-board. The reddish wood of the instrument, the pink in the carpet, the violets on the table, the pensive sentiment that colour is when Mr. Orchardson interprets it—these are the essence of the picture. To some extent, too, the interests of his portrait of "Sir Samuel Montagu" is of the same kind, and the faint, sweet colours about the head of "Mrs. Temple Johnson" are remembered without any particular idea of the portrait.

Compare the "Sir Samuel Montagu" with any portrait by Sargent—his fine "Major-General Leonard Wood" hangs near—and one sees how far apart are the ultimate issues of the two painters' encounters with personality. The racial and personal accent of his sitters sends Mr. Sargent hot-foot to his discovery of a picture in them. To Mr. Orchardson they lend themselves to an idea that has not waited for them to declare itself. The ivory warmed flesh, the background tint, the set of the head on the shape of white shirt front—these are an idea into which the sitter is allowed. Think of attempting to see a Sargent like that. His real decoration goes from point to point after his observation of life. Of the six Sargents, two —"The Duchess of Sutherland" and "The Marquess of Londonderry and Mr. W. C. Beaumont"—are magnificent schemes. Indeed, the pageantry of the Coronation may be said to have its first effect in art, and a sufficient effect, in the tall figure bearing the upright sword of state, his splendour of crimson velvet and ermine mantle borne by the page. There are other like-intentioned figures in Mr. Brough's "The Marquess of Linlithgow" and Mr. Herkomer's "Earl of Shrewsbury," but perfunctory and official. They represent the Lord Chamberlain's directions for correct dress. Sargent, with the far window down the long aisle, the weighty grip of the hands, the lovely whites, the voluminous crimson, gets one figure out of the spoilt, belittled material of national pageantry, and makes it body forth the value of the rest. But such an opportunity is more obviously splendid than quite fits Mr. Sargent's power. It works more compellingly when such materials as those of Mr. Devitt's portrait are under his hand. In the long grave black of the frock-coat, and especially in the invention that spun the gold rigging of a model boat behind the figure of the President of the Shipping Federation, there is the command of opportunity. More emphatic still is the "Mrs. Wertheimer." The searched-out exactitudes of observation in the eyes, the mouth, the beauty of the gold curves of the pale, brocaded chair in the black scheme; above all the grasp of type and personality, these stand as achievements before the brilliant capture of colour and proud beauty in the full-length "Duchess of Sutherland," or the celebration of Coronation pomp and dignity.

After the Sargents, other portraits are unhappily fated, so far as immediate impression is concerned. But if, beside the surety of pose, the beautiful person, of Mr. Sargent's "Duchess," Mr. Furse's "Diana of the Uplands" seems much at the mercy of another gust of wind that blows her skirts and threatens her hat, if the greyhounds pull one way, and the lady another at the stability of the composition, yet this design of youth set against the big rolling

sky and brown uplands is vigorously schemed; and in the oval, "The Lilac Gown," Mr. Furse plays his lilac stripes and ribbons and the lightness of white fabrics with a sunshine touch. The figure is light, even if to give that buoyancy the contrast of the heavy, almost crewel-worked texture of the landscape background be too much enforced. Otherwise one may search for portraiture of sufficient impulse. "The Lilac Gown" has a lighter impulse than that of characterisation, but it keeps life in view. One looks at Oulesses and Richmonds and Herkomers—though the big portrait of Mr. Chamberlain is accurately manufactured—at Mr. Dicksee's completely furnished "Mrs. Frank Shuttleworth," at portraits by Mr. Cope, and Mr. Hacker, and Mr. Bacon, and the whole tenancy of vitality in the body seems limited to a direction of the eyes, a disposition of the hands. In Mr. Shannon's "Miss Gladys Raphael," there is living beauty of the warm ivory flesh, as well as pleasure of colour, but the eyes bent on the book are blinded to give the softness of the lashes, and the hands, loaded with brusque red at the finger tips, recall hands roughly dismissed by Sargent.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's little picture "Evernew Horizons" is a small substitute for the big canvas, "The Finding of Moses," which he was unable to finish for exhibition, and neither in the cool, fine textures of this painting of three women and of the sea below their marble place of vantage, nor in the over-large "Asterié" of Sir Edward Poynter, smooth and complete, or in his other polished figure-studies, is there addition to what one knows of their accomplishment. R. E. D. S.

Bridge : By "Problematicus"

PRIZEWINNERS IN OUR THIRD *FORTNIGHTLY* COMPETITION.

It seems as if our competitors were beginning to handle the problem hands with increasing skill arising from practice. In the last competition three competitors tied for the second prize. In this competition two competitors tie for the First Prize, and no less than five for the Second. We have therefore added two extra prizes of a guinea, and have awarded prizes of **£1 11 6** to:

Miss I. Gough, Kirk Ella, Hull.

Lieutenant-Colonel B. Lowsley, R.E., Linnholm, The Thicket, Southsea.

And Prizes of **£1 1 0** to:

Mrs. A. B. Milne, Newlands, Merton, Surrey.

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C. S. Wentworth Reeve, Esq., Livermere Park, Bury St. Edmunds.

E. Lupton May, Esq., 68, Pentonville Road, London.

The following deserve Honourable Mention for the excellence and fulness of their solutions:

Mrs. Hely Hutchinson, Falmouth House, Cargate Avenue, Aldershot.

Miss Lina Nicholson, Wye Bank, Hereford.

T. W. Powell, Esq., Leigh, Worcester.

R. C. S. Waller, Esq., 7, York Terrace, Gillingham, Kent.

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J. V. Edmonds, Esq., 3, Hare Court, The Temple.

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Major H. H. Rich, Mountain Ash, Abbey Wood.

J. H. Jeudwine, Esq., Goldwell Hill, Chesterfield.

A. C. Howard, Esq., Grantham Road, Sleaford.

Thomas J. Considine, Esq., Central Asylum, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.

R. B. Ormonde, Esq., Union Club, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SOLUTION OF OUR THIRD *FORTNIGHTLY* COMPETITION.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♠ 5	♠ 2	♦ 4	♠ Q
2	♠ 4	♠ 3	♣ 5	♠ K
3	♠ 7	♠ 6	♣ 10	♠ A
4	♡ 2	♡ 4	♡ 9	♡ A
5	♡ 3	♡ 5	♡ J	♡ K
6	♠ 8	♡ 7	♡ Q	♡ 6
7	♦ 5	♦ A	♦ K	♦ 6
8	♠ 9	♠ J	♦ 10	♦ 7
9	♣ 2	♠ 10	♣ J	♦ 9
10	♦ 8	♦ 3	♦ J	♡ 8
11	♣ 3	♣ 7	♦ Q	♡ 10
12	♣ 4	♣ 8	♣ K	♣ Q
13	♣ 9	♠ 2	♣ A	♣ 6

RESULT:
A B win 10 tricks.
Y Z win 3 tricks.

If Y prefers to trump spades from Z's hand at the first trick, instead of holding up his trumps on the chance of A's making a mistake, then he at once clears the diamonds by leading out the king. B's ace wins it; he plays a small trump; A clears out Z's queen and knave of trumps, then leads his ace and king of spades, puts B in with the 7 of trumps, and makes knave, ten of spades. The result is not affected.

Many competitors preferred to open with the highest of the two diamonds, on the chance of getting a ruff on the third round. I do not like this opening, because with only two little trumps the chance of ruffing is very small indeed; and it is nearly three to one that you help to establish a strong suit of your opponents. I would much rather open from the long spade suit, in which it is far less probable that the opponents hold length. I think it is much the safest practice in a Yarborough, and would much rather open from a short suit out of a strong hand.

MATTERS MUSICAL

In spite of its recent formation, the Concert-Goers' Club has already more than justified its existence. It is significant that over 300 members were elected after little more than a month, and, judging by the large audience which assembled at St. James's Hall on the recent occasion of Mr. Wood's lecture on "Wood Wind," it is destined to prove a most useful and popular institution. Mr. Wood treated his subject exhaustively, and the information he imparted was calculated to increase materially the comprehension and consequent enjoyment of his hearers at future orchestral performances. The Queen's Hall Wood Wind Quintet gave some excellent illustrations of the various qualities of the instruments treated of—interludes which served to brighten a lecture which was of a somewhat technical nature, though the desirability of the bassoon as a solo instrument may be disputed by some, so nearly does the obvious hilarity of the machine contrasted with the gravity of the performer's face provoke one to laughter. Sir Ernest Clarke fulfilled the office of chairman, and Dr. Elgar proposed the customary vote of thanks in a genial and sprightly speech.

Miss Marie Hall

Who met with a warm welcome on her appearance at St. James's Hall last week

Though the attendance at the second concert given by the Joachim quartet was much in advance of that on the first Saturday, it was still somewhat thin. Presumably, people do not care to hear a great musician whose star is nearly set, and whom they have heard to greater advantage in bygone years. The style is ever the style of Joachim, but it is inevitable that some of the fulness of tone should be lost with the venerable doctor's declining years. His increasing deafness must also hinder him considerably. Perhaps the most satisfactory performance, on the whole, was the second item, the quartet in C minor of Brahms, though the finale of Haydn's E flat quartet was played with great vivacity and delicacy.

It seems strange that the name of Miss Marie Hall, a young girl who only made her *début* in London last year, should prove a more powerful one to conjure with than that of the hero of sixty years triumphs. Perhaps the announcement that it was her only performance this season caught the public eye; at any rate, she had nothing to complain of in the number of people present at her recital last Tuesday. She played with her customary virility of style, though her tone was a little strident at times. Possibly she was not in the best of health, for she certainly looked very pale. Her rendering of the complicated technicalities of Bach's chaconne for the violin alone was very pleasing, but she seemed to be at her best in the Kreutzer Sonata, in which she was ably accompanied by Herr Petri. As a show piece she afterwards played Wieniawski's somewhat uninteresting *Faust* Fantasia. Herr Egon Petri, who appeared with Miss Hall, is a young pianist from whom one looks for great things in the future. He is perhaps a little over-zealous in extracting the very last vibration of sound in loud passages, but, on the contrary, he has a delightfully delicate touch on occasion. He was heard to best advantage in four Impromptus of Schubert, the singing quality of his rendering being particularly pleasing. He did not seem to have a grip of Bach's Italian Concerto, and his playing of Chopin's 12 Etudes was often more forcible than artistic. With experience, however, his ideas will doubtless expand, and his interpretation with them.

H. F.

The Connoisseur.

SOME ORIENTAL PORCELAINS

The trend of recent events is making the philosophic observer think of the future of the East, but to us its immemorial past is of far more interest. The fact is, whatever victories are in store for the Japanese or Chinese, it will be impossible for them to improve on the beautiful porcelains of centuries ago which they produced with so much apparent ease and grace. Under the splendid dynasty of the Ming, which lasted from 1368 to 1648 A.D., the Celestials were particularly fortunate. One has to be careful about Anno Domini in dealing with matters Chinese, for although the Ming, or "Bright" period, saw something like the perfection of Celestial ware, long before, under the Han dynasty that began 206, or, as some say 185 years B.C., the invention of porcelain appears to have taken place in China. Notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of the manufacture remarkable quantities remain to us.

The guardians of the temples and palaces of the East were admirable custodians for the fine china within their charge. When, some 1600 years later, specimens began to find their way into Europe, the great peoples of the earth who became possessed of them were equally careful, and thus many specimens of early work are preserved for our delight. The oldest examples now to be found belong, it is supposed, to the tenth century; but about the time when tea began to be largely brought into England, and the Dutch were busy with their Eastern trade, 1660-1670, large quantities of porcelain found their way into Europe. In the year 1664, it is said that 44,943 pieces of Japanese porcelain — and the Japanese and Chinese constantly interchanged their secrets and designs, each copying from each until confusion becomes confounded —were received into Holland, many to be reshipped into other countries. Under the sway of Kang-he, when the Empire of China extended from the Siberian frontier to Cochin-China, and from the China Sea to Turkestan, the ceramic arts received a considerable impetus, possibly, it is thought, owing to the introduction, by the Jesuit missionaries, of new colours and fresh ideas. Mr. Gulland in his volumes on the subject reminds us that Sir A. W. Franks considered that many specimens which would belong to earlier periods, if judged by their marks alone, were in reality produced during this reign. Thus the impulse given to the ceramic arts about 1700 brought with it one more difficulty for the collector and amateur.

In a short study of Chinese pottery and porcelain, written by Mr. Schneider for the excellent little book on old China generally, by Mr. Phillips, of Hitchin, that student of the subject gives a broad and useful list of the various kinds of Chinese porcelain that the amateur may chance to meet. This includes the *Céladon*, which is among the earliest kinds. This generic term is used for ware of a dense paste, somewhat akin to stone-ware, and covered with a glaze more or less opaque. The colours used in this manufacture are mixed with the glaze, and, although the name was at first used only for articles of a sea-green colour, it is now applied to all porcelain prepared in this way. Designs of flowers in relief are often seen on these pieces, but the earliest are perfectly plain. Mr. Gulland has told us how this name came into use in France. In 1616 Honoré d'Urfé produced his pastoral romance, *L'Astrée*, and for a long time after no novel or play in France was complete without its love-sick shepherd. These gentle youths were fittingly dressed in a delicate and subtle tone of blue-green-grey, which was called Céladon, after d'Urfé's hero. When this Chinese ware, already old, became the fashion, its colour suggested that of the stage shepherd's cloak, and the name has clung to it ever since. The next division of importance is *Cracke*—a wide term which seems to mark an early ware and many latter examples

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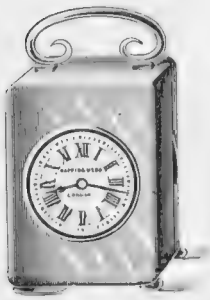

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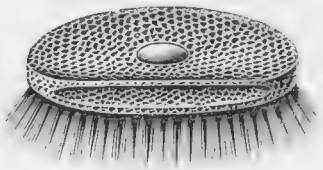

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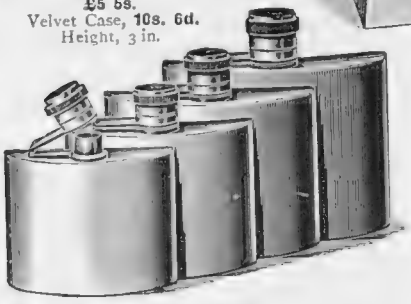

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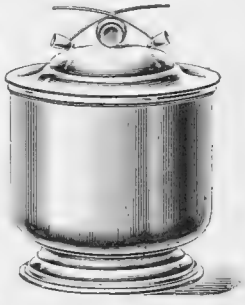

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ornamentation. The most sought after are the smallest cracks, which are produced on white, grey, brown, yellow, or dull blue ground, always with excellent effects. Père Le Comte, who arrived in China towards the end of 1687, in the reign of Kang-he, was delighted with this style of work, and said, in effect, that all he saw had remarkable beauty for him, and that he felt sure the European *virtuosi* would prize them. The good father was quite right. *Cracke* is more hunted to-day than ever. Many are the exquisite enamels employed by the Chinese ceramists. Among them are the delightful families of Green and Black and Rose, which form a distinct division. Of these the *Famille Verte* is recognised by a bright copper green thickly laid on. The designs are usually of an historic or religious character. The style began in the Ming period, but is produced even now.

The *Famille Rose* is younger, and is thought to owe something to Japanese influence. The designs, in which is shown the distinguishing colour, obtained from gold, are usually beautiful and rich in detail. The Rose examples were first made in the fifteenth century. The *Famille noire*, although by no means so well known to the general public, has its devoted admirers—when it belongs to the right period. Many of these pieces have a decoration which is said to waver between the *Famille verte* and *Famille rose*.

The *splash wares* are of all colours. By a chemical process during production the surface of these pieces become diapered with veined and streaked colours of great variety and beauty; blue with red, red over yellow, fawn splashed with red, are not uncommon combinations, but hardly two pieces are to be found exactly alike. In this class also may be mentioned the *sang de bœuf* and the *soufflé* and jasper, all of utmost decorative value.

Chinese white, and blue-and-white, and powdered blue porcelains are the three other most marked divisions. The "white" is of a creamy ivory character, and is one of the most alluring of all the galaxy of Celestial things. Small pieces of this ware are still to be obtained, sometimes at a reasonable price. There is often a marked absence of decoration, but invariably a truly beautiful sense of proportion and form. The blue-and-white, somewhat vaguely called Nankin—merely the name of the port of departure for most Chinese ware—is as much admired by the race that have produced it as by European connoisseurs. Its history will fill a thousand volumes and its devotees outlast the lovers of all other arts. The decorative qualities of all these Oriental porcelains are demonstrated every day, but a glance at the photographs on these pages, which show some fine pieces in the collection of Mr. Orrock, will suggest its admirable affection in connection with the eighteenth century English furniture. The cabinet work of Sheraton, the tables of Pergolosi, the productions of Chippendale and his contemporaries seem, by some happy forethought or chance, to make the best of all setting for specimens of old Nankin. It is in this conjunction that one realises most fully those decorative qualities of Oriental porcelain which have enabled it to withstand for so many generations, the acid action of the finger of Time and defy the changing fancy of the world of fashion.

E. M.

Old Nankin with Sheraton Sideboard, in the Collection of James Orrock, Esq.

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Fashionable Facts and Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

This week it is rather an embarras de richesses with us in the matter of news. We have seen so much, done so much, and talked so much—especially the latter—that we are now in the unhappy position of having to decide, not what we shall write about, but what we shall leave unwritten. And, yet, notwithstanding, we feel it something of a grievance that the evening Courts, admirable in every other respect, have practically done away with those amusing réunions of mutual admiration, yclept drawing-room teas. We visited one débutante, but, frankly, she was not exciting—débutantes, we pause to observe, seldom are, the note of simplicity is too strained. Everyone, however, was talking of Lady Ludlow's wonderful flame confection, it being generally conceded that the gradations of tones were quite lovely, and the whole a supremely beautiful and artistic work of art. Perhaps, though, only the few would be justified in daring so pronounced a toilette.

Nevertheless, it will shortly be asked of us all to consider to some greater or lesser extent the decorative value of ombre effects. At Lola's —and here, by the way, hangs a tale—there is a delicious ombre orange evening frock, that shades off to an almost imperceptible yellow, and is effectively tempered throughout by white lace. But everyone will be asking, "Who is Lola?" "What is she?"

Well, primarily, her abode is at 11, Dover Street, and her métier in life is to be the providing of frocks, simple and smart, coats of a like *genre*, these both for day and evening wear; also millinery—the crowning triumph of all—at prices for cash down, that not even the most penuriously minded could regard as other than strictly non-prohibitive. And let it be clearly understood at the outset, how every one of these models is an exclusive affair, the very antithesis of those wholesale German concoctions; in fact, dealing with Lola is practically the same as going straight to any of the coveted fountain heads, saving only in the matter of long credit.

It is irresistible to remark, *en passant*, on the iniquitous lengths to which the latter indulgence has grown, and, of a truth, it required a Lola to come forward and practically point the way to a better conduct of things. Meanwhile, to make a long story short, linen gowns, beautifully cut and made, and trimmed generously with lace, are offered at—think of it!—only four guineas; certain smart, simple day costumes on silk, at seven and a half guineas; while some most fascinating Jehu capes, in *souple* cloth with cut edges, and finished with a decorative embroidered, velvet collar, are going at 35*s*., and everything in proportion. La Mode at her best, her cheapest, and her most wholly attractive is the order of the hour with Lola, who, or our prophetic instinct is woefully out of gear, has come to stay.

A Lovely Yellow Satin Gown, Worn by Miss Sinclair in "The Rich Mrs. Repton" at the Duke of York's Theatre

Dresses at "The Rich Mrs. Repton"

A smile from Ambrosine, subtle and very sweet, secured us two tickets for the first night at the Duke of York's. A first night has never ceased to affect me with an increased sense of importance. One feels as if favoured by the gods when these honoured events come about. With a love deep and ineradicable of all things histrionic, the criticising faculty is always uppermost with me, uncomfortably so; wherefore is it generally left to Ambrosine to take lucid notes of the clothes, always supposing they are worthy of note, as they very assuredly are at this new play, *The Rich Mrs. Repton*. A note of

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ON
APPROVAL.

harmony runs throughout Miss Compton's toilettes; a mauve silk voile worn in the second act, with yoke of mauve lace, and effective square motifs of thorn stitch and French knots, the skirt plisse will be a very joy to the devotee of mauve colouring; while little less attractive is a harmony of brown, worked out in a dress of chiffon, gauged and decoratively treated to trails of tiny chiffon roses, brown lace, and the dearest little coat of glace silk, whereon pinked out ruches meandered their ornamental way. But, notwithstanding these modish attractions of Miss Compton's, Ambrosine authoritatively declared the confection of the gathering to be that evening toilette depicted on the previous page, and worn by Miss Sinclair in the play.

This is admittedly a noteworthy inspiration, and courageous withal in its colourings of golden yellow satin, bouillonnee, with deep entredeux of yellow-tinted Araby lace, picked out with gold. A pointed Louis corsage of the lace is softened about the decolletage by a berthe of soft-draped transparency, hung with loops—in fact, a very treillage of diamonds. And with this, Miss Sinclair wears an adorable cloak, so Ambrosine instructs, of accordion pleated white satin, with great square collar of yellow velvet, outlined by a frill of soft lace.

And that most excellent supper at Prince's concluded a delightful evening.

A Chic Little Theatre Bodice, with Tinted Lace, and Scarves and Bows of Pale Blue Crêpe

Lingerie de Luxe

Then we spent almost one whole morning—perhaps you will say an unconscionable time, but there we shall be at variance—over some wonderfully enticing lingerie at Shoolbred's.

Although this does not profess to be anything out of the way, yet by reason of an exceeding comprehensiveness, exceptional taste and work, it will suffice to draw every lingerie lover for miles round to a consideration of its various dainty items.

Someone, who really knows the drift of taste in this department is obviously in control, and that which struck us both so favourably was the clever combination of daintiness and practicability. Empire robes de nuit, for instance, were so-called because of pretty square cut necks and wide ruffle sleeves, but were happily devoid of the impossible short waist suggestion. Practical little camisoles with sleeves—perfection for wearing beneath thin summer blouses—trimmed with fine torchon, are really bargains at 6*s.* 9*d.*, while a specially large stock has been laid in of that durable and delightful Swiss embroidery underwear in which the decoration is actually worked on the cloth itself, all the garments showing the best cut and finish.

Armed with the experience of other days, we broached the subject of negligees and dressing gowns, only to be beguiled into an irresistible purchase of the prettiest floral patterned muslin thing imaginable, one that revealed no shadow of stint or saving in its whole composition, and bearing for its further grace a pelerine cape, inset and edged with Valenciennes lace, and deep ruffle sleeves ensuite. In an endless variety of colours and combinations, 25*s.* 9*d.* is the price of this summery seduction, and we have serious doubts as whether its rival is to be found this side of the Channel, since it is essentially French in every detail.

Ravishments for the Elect

A visit to the Maison Redfern invariably leaves us a little *piano*; the possibilities are so vast, and the realisations, alas, so few, that one is surely justified in bemoaning the fact that a conscience is an acknowledged fact. To be quite frank, I would bury mine with pleasure, together with an unpleasant remembrance of a diminishing banking account. But here my thoughts wander pleasantly over certain Western Australian shares, assured of a rise what time the June roses bloom. A fiction that, if amiable enough to resolve into fact, will assuredly send me to the shrine of Redfern, after a certain small black taffeta frock there, that displays the most attractive little pinked out ribbon ruches on the corsage, and the very quaintest sleeves of embroidered cream lawn, the skirt set very full about the feet through the medium of a flounce, and melting into a double box pleat up centre front. A neat, eminently correct walking costume is a mixture of blue voile and cloth arranged à la Directoire, and the sweetest biscuit voile pleads for immediate possession, with its ceinture of black and white striped silk, and touch of vieux rose at the throat. A harmony of smoke-grey is subtly contrived in chiffon and grey lace, arranged *en princesse*, with a plethora of the tiniest gaugings and tuckings, the latter defined by a coarse, silk Teneriffe stitch.

Pondering the many and persuasive pelerines that obtain at Redfern's, every vestige of doubt is perforce swept away, that this garment—if such,

The Bystander, May 4, 1904

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 22.—Vol. II. Wednesday, May 4, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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COTSWOLD HILLS DISTRICT.—To be LET Furnished for summer months, a charming old RESIDENCE standing in unsurpassable grounds. Accommodation: minstrel gallery, suite of oak-panelled reception and billiard rooms, 20 bedrooms; extensive stabling. Shooting, hunting, golf, and polo in neighbourhood. Rent, 35 Guineas a week. (12,185)

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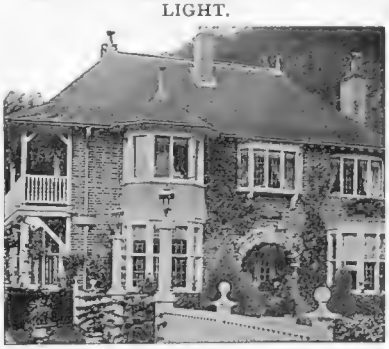

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A new Luncheon Car Express, running without a stop to Crewe, will leave Euston at 12.10 noon, and arrive Manchester (London Road) at 3.50 p.m., and Liverpool (Lime Street) at 4.5 p.m.

The 5.30 p.m. Dining Car Express will be accelerated to arrive Liverpool (Lime Street) at 9.15 p.m., and will not convey passengers for Manchester.

A new Dining Car Express will leave Euston at 6 p.m., calling at Stockport only, arriving at Manchester (London Road) at 9.30 p.m., performing the journey in 3½ hours.

The 12 noon Luncheon Car Express from Manchester (London Road) will leave at 12.10 noon, and be accelerated to arrive at Euston at 4 p.m.

The 2 p.m. Express from Liverpool (Lime Street) will leave at 2.5 p.m., and be accelerated to arrive Euston at 6.15 p.m.

The 2.10 p.m. Express from Manchester (London Road) will be accelerated to arrive Euston at 6.15 p.m.

The 4.5 p.m. Dining Car Express from Lime Street will be accelerated to arrive Euston at 8.10 p.m.

The 4.15 p.m. Dining Car Express from Manchester (London Road) will leave at 4.10 p.m., call at Stockport only, and arrive Euston 7.40 p.m., performing the journey in 3½ hours.

SUNDAYS.—The 5.30 p.m. Dining Car Express from Euston on Sundays will leave at 6 p.m., arriving Manchester (London Road) at 9.45 p.m., and Liverpool (Lime Street) at 10 p.m.

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VIA FLEETWOOD.

The 5.30 p.m. Express from Euston, instead of the 5.35 p.m., will convey passengers for Fleetwood, and Belfast and Ireland via Fleetwood.

The 5.45 a.m. Express from Fleetwood (in connection with the 8.30 p.m. Steamer from Belfast) will call at Warrington to set down passengers from Ireland, and be accelerated to arrive Euston 10.50 a.m.

FRED HARRISON, General Manager.

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indeed, it may be called—is other than the successful successor of the feather boa.

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Together with many of their confrères, Messrs. Redfern have sent out some singularly lovely specimens of their skill to the St. Louis Exhibition, several replicas whereof are now on show at Conduit Street. The styles adopted by the firm are strongly emphasised, styles that lean more to long flowing lines, as revealed by the Directoire and Louis XVI. vogues, than to those of the early thirties of last century. And when so authoritative a voice speaks, it is always well to heed, mark, and inwardly digest the text they have chosen.

A Directoire Dinner Toilette: A Harmony of Pale Pinks and Mauves

Lovers of Lace

are promised a golden time at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's annual exhibition sale of antique and modern reproductions. Always an opportunity to be cultivated, the collection this year must appeal as a peculiarly choice one, the antiques including rare specimens of Flemish, Point de Flandres, Point d'Alençon, and Old Milanese. A flounce of Point Argentin, period Louis XIV., is about as choice a bit of *dentelle* as any connoisseur could desire to find; while of lesser value intrinsically, but wholly as desirable to the majority, are some square Empire veils, and gracefully shaped scarves, both of which hint a hundred tasteful disposals. As do some very fine Flemish lappets and cap crowns, obviously heirlooms, that build themselves up quickly in the imagination into the quaint cap characteristic of Deutschland.

Among the reproductions there come berthes of amazing variety, scarcely two alike, the same holding good of collars and deep capes, these running through a long range of Brussels point, Brussels appliqué, Duchesse, Venetian, Genoese, Veronese, and Bruges, not forgetting the applauded Irish laces, which those who love may have in every imaginable quality.

But the collection in every way stands unique, and an abiding monument to the energy and enterprise of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody.

A Recherche Restaurant

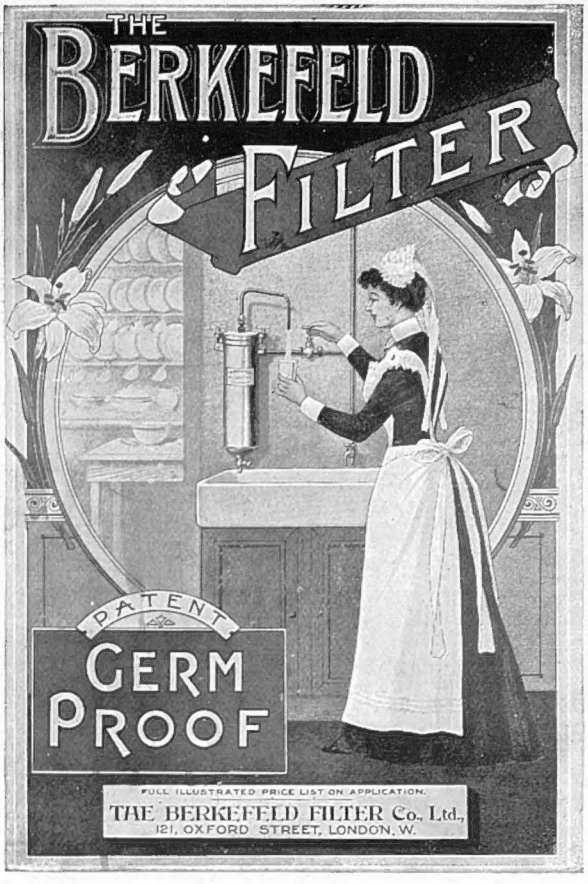
Everyone shopping in Bond Street will be attracted by Mackenzie's, the last thought in restaurants, verily replete with artistic decorations and the perfection of comfort.

The very window hints a promise of exclusive excellences, with its tasteful hangings of pale blue velvet and ormulu, a promise most faithfully kept up to the topmost floor, where is found the cosiest smoking room, a monopoly of the sterner sex, severe but eminently comfortable. The decorative scheme, chosen for that apartment being in new art style, in colourings of dull green and red. Immediately beneath comes the first lunch and tea-room, correctly Adams' in every detail, in a restful green scheme, with handy little writing tables tucked away in quiet corners for the "just a line" scribble.

Passing down the stairs, and noting *en route* a small group of musicians cosily ensconced in a small annex, one enters a lovely Louis Quinze salon, expressed in the correct cold blue-white paint and mahogany; while the ground floor is an equally orthodox Louis Seize in a bewitching Rose du Barri, set in panels of white paint. But the practical will be pleading this is all food for the senses, and asking where comes in food for the body. Well, that will be better appreciated by a personal visit, where lunches and dinners à la carte, served daintily and well, together with the inevitable "five" o'clock, evidence the most knowledgable management. By the way, to those whom it may concern, the firm of Mackenzie are the proprietors and makers of that nursery god, Peter's Chocolate.

A Directoire Dinner Dress

More by luck than management, we find our sketches this week twanging the same string of evening modes. Happily, it is their hour, and few will find cause to grumble at the pictured offering of a Directorie toilette, by our French artist, a harmony of pale pinks and mauves, tempered by some old-world tinted Brussels appliqué flounces. More Louis Seize in thought is that *chic* little theatre corsage, a scheme embodying white chiffon, tinted lace, scarves and bows of pale blue crêpe, and the regulation Louis wreaths of small pink roses.



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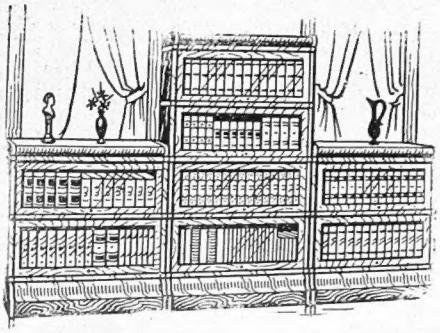

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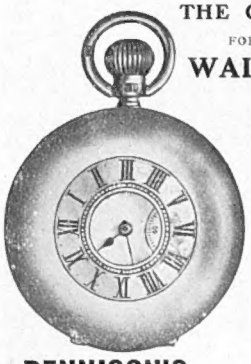

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Another American Invasion

Travelogues (the name alone betrays the land of their origin), told by Mr. Burton Holmes at the Queen's Hall, are a delightful and striking innovation from the States. They cannot be said to be an absolutely original mode of entertainment, for the lecture has long been with us, but Travelogues bear the same relation to lectures that the present-day cycle does to the boneshaker of thirty years ago. Lecturers are apt to force information down their hearers' throats, but Mr. Holmes can be said to "tell" the different scenes which are thrown on the sheet, so that his audience feels that it is looking at the actual scenes, and not the picture of them only. Mr. Holmes has already told to large audiences the story of his adventures in the Yosemite Valley, among the big trees of California, and the story of the Yellowstone Park. Travelogues on "The Grand Canyon of Arizona," "Alaska," and "Klondyke" have been equally well received.

A Useful Book for Golfers

The Golfers' Handbook (The Golf Agency, 173-5, Fleet Street, London, and Edinburgh, *2s.*) contains a complete directory of the golf clubs at home and on the Continent, and should be of great value to every golfer.

The book has been officially revised by the secretaries of the clubs at home and abroad, and in addition to the club directory, giving the secretary's address, the professional, etc., etc., the championship lists are detailed, embracing the championship of every country; the results of leading competitions are given, and the rules and the official decisions of the Royal and Ancient are brought up to date. There are some forty photos in the book and an article by Miss May Hezlet, the ex Lady Champion.

Our Supplement

The coloured supplement—"I sent a letter to my love"—by A. K. Macdonald, which we present to our readers this week, has all the qualities which have come to be associated with THE BYSTANDER Supplement. Well drawn, tasteful in sentiment, and daintily coloured, we feel that our readers will appreciate this, and add it to their framed collection.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Lady and the Burglar." (A Novel.) By Edgar Turner. *6s.* (Ward, Lock.)

"The Story of Alpine Climbing." By Francis Gribble. *1s.* (Newnes.)

"Guide to the English Pottery and Porelain in the British Museum. *1s.* (Museum Trustees.)

"My Memories." By the Countess of Munster. (Eveleigh Nash.)

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FLORAL DECORATIONS. Second Edition. 1s. 6d.
GARDENING À LA MODE. Fcap. 8vo, Part I. Vegetables, 1s. 6d. Part II. Fruits, 1s. 6d.
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